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THE SOLDIER TO HIS MOTHER.

BY THOMAS MACKELLAR.

"Kiss my little brother and my sisters, and tell them I died for my country."

On the field of battle, mother,
All the night alone I lay,
Angels watching o'er me, mother,
Till the breaking of the day.
I lay thinking of you, mother,
And the loving ones at home,
Till to our dear cottage, mother,
Boy again I seemed to come.

He to whom you taught me, mother,
On my infant knee to pray,
Kept my heart from fainting, mother,
When the vision pass'd away.
In the gray of morning, mother,
Comrades bore me to the town:
From my bosom, tender fingers
Wash'd the blood that trickled down.

I must soon be going, mother,
Going to the home of rest;
Kiss me as of old, my mother,
Press me nearer to your breast.
Would I could repay you, mother,
For your faithful love and care,
God uphold and bless you, mother,
In this bitter woe you bear,

Kiss for me my little brother,
Kiss my sisters, loved so well;
When you sit together, mother,
Tell them how their brother fell.
Tell to them the story, mother,
When I sleep beneath the sod,
That I died to save my country,
All from love to her and God.

Leaning on the merit, mother,
Of the ONE who died for all,
Peace is in my bosom, mother,
Hark! I hear the angels call!
Don't you hear them singing, mother?
Listen to the music's swell!
Now I leave you, loving mother—
God be with you—fare you well.

AN ACTOR'S RETROSPECTIONS;

OR,

THE THEATRE AND THE SHOW.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY BEN BAIZE.

I am an old man now, and tolerably easy in circumstances; a bachelor, and without children of any sort, to whom I might leave the fruits of forty years hard work, or who, which is very likely would be the case were I situated otherwise than I am, would be a world of trouble to me. I have a number of old friends, however, most of them my comrades of the boards. Of these, the worthies yet in professional business, and who are constantly on the move, give me a look in when they come my way. Those who, like myself, are on the retired list, either dwell in my neighborhood, or within the circle of the travel I take, as a treat, in the summer: so that we, old fellows as we are, often have a social chat and glass together, and bring back, in imagination, to the great stage of life, hundreds of persons who long since strutted their last upon the smaller stages of the theatre and the circus.

Mine has been an odd kind of career. The only child of my parents, who had been connected with a provincial playhouse for the past five years when I was born—my father as the "villains," and my mother as the "interesting ladies" in tragedy, comedy, and farce. There was something associated with my advent to life, which, even aside from my parental antecedents, might have been thought to point out the trade of an actor as that which it would be the best for me to follow. Briefly, I first saw the light (of gas) in the dressing-room of my mother, at the theatre where she was then performing. I believe I made my entrance on this busy stage of human existence a little in advance of the expected date. Be that as it may, my coming spread consternation among the company behind the scenes, as well as among the audience before them. It was hear ten o'clock at night when I arrived, and a slashing melo-drama, in which my mother represented a blooming, beautiful, and persecuted virgin of royal rank, and my father an atrocious rascal in armor and a plume of black ostrich feathers, lacked an act of its conclusion. As a matter of course, the audience were informed that the entertainments must be brought to a conclusion. The reason why was just hinted—as delicately as it could be—when our "generous patrons" retired in good order, the females sympathising with "good Mrs. Baize," (my mother) the men humorously expressing their "wonder" as to what part "Bubby Baize" (myself) would make his premier show in. Some, indeed, got on the stilts, and spoke of the possibility of a Baize and the son of a poor player becoming President of the United States.

My birth, occurring when and where it had, redounded to the advantage of my parents, on the occasion of their benefit, when I was exactly three weeks of age. During the interval, my mother had not appeared, and, in fact, several of the pieces which our audiences thought of the right sort, had been kept back, just because there was no lady in the company who was so capital a virgin, or interesting person in general as Mrs. B. The slashing melo-drama, the performance of which had been suspended on the night of my birth, was to be fully acted at my parents' benefit, with the old cast complete. Besides that, my father was to deliver an address after the first piece. It was the first effort of the gentleman who edited one of the local papers, (*The Whistle of Glory*) and mingled in charming variety, history, politics, and the drama, the names of Washington, Franklin, Lafayette, and the Baizes, the birth of freedom, and the birth of your humble servant.

I grew apace, as King Richard said all ill weeds do, and, like the majority of actors' children, went upon the boards before I could stand well on my legs. I ran through the customary catalogue of childrens' parts, and did a little at the angelic and impish—donning, on the former occasions, white muslins, flesh-ings, and spangles, and on the latter, black and red habits of ominous fashion, and masks of pasteboard and tinsel.

So I went on, until I could show as the representative of maturer creatures, and earn a higher salary. The change was a welcome one to me; but it was soon saddened by the death of my father. I mean no irreverence when I say that his taking off was very characteristic—as much as my advent to life had been. He was playing in a new piece—the part of a villain who went beyond any villain he had theretofore attempted to portray. His last scene was a crasher, for there he was shown on the battlements of a burning castle, brandishing a reeking sword, and uttering terrible curses on all mankind. It was the third night of the representation. On the first, the more than ordinary vehemence of my sire had pleased his audience, while it surprised his brother professionals. On the second night, there was an addition to these sentiments, which, on the third, promised to culminate, and would have done so, no doubt, had not that "grim sergeant," Mr. Death, put in an appearance. My poor father went off in a fit in the midst of his malediction on the ramparts—a victim of what we professionals call "effect."

Two years afterward, I lost my mother. She had never been herself since the death of her husband. I was thus left an orphan in the most comprehensive sense of the term, but with larger liberty, and to the sole control of the means that accrued to me in virtue of my dramatic labors.

"It had been a favorite axiom with my father, as it is with a very large number of theatrical and show people, that no member of the craft can expect to reach eminence, unless a commencement is had from the lowest round of the ladder. Now, this axiom is a very good one, so far as it goes, but beyond that, it is not worth a red cent. Let he artist, I say, begin at the bottom of the ladder, but let him not tarry there too long. How many of my brethiren have done so, either to the retarding of their progress, or to the utter prostration of their prospects, it would be ridiculous in me to say—men into whose ears the parrot words have been repeated, year after year, until, indeed, he whose energies have not been quite deadened by them, has plucked up his courage and forced a march up the ladder; and men who have listened to the counsel, too long to make an effort for themselves. It was a happy chance that I did not become one of the latter. Even as it was, a too long and too credulous attention to the maxim kept me back full three years in my calling as an actor.

Here let me appeal to the sympathies and recollections of several actors, like myself, who have served a wearisome apprenticeship to the line of characters which includes robbers of brief speech or no speech at all; noblemen equally brief or silent with their tongues; villagers who never speak except in chorus; the familiar captain of the guard, who is sententious and suspicious; and, worse yet, the flunkey in a bob-tailed coat and flash smalls. As the representative of these individuals, I fulfilled more than my proper term. I might never have got beyond them, had I not rebelled, and, like a true Yankee, given old fogyism the go by.

After once getting into what is technically called "genteel business," I soon made my way to the juvenile heroes of the drama; thence to the more mature. Here I am reminded of the fact, that between myself and a fellow actor whom I had displaced at the third theatre I had joined, a sort of rivalry was carried on for a few years. Unlike me, Mr. Serge (so he was called) had never been so low as "utility" in the profession. The son of a manager, he had made his *debut* on his father's stage, in a character ranking among the "second walking gentlemen," as they are called, and these he had changed into the Romeos and the Rovers. Indeed, he had a sort of disdain for any man who had ever announced to my lady that her "carriage waited," or, with other ferocious fellows, had hailed his "noble captain," and expressed his willingness to be led on to slaughter dire, by a vehement "we will!" Remembering this, I must suppose that he looked frowningly on me, on account of my former humble connection with the stage. At the same time, it is more than probable that his grudge against me was enhanced by the rapid progress I made. At length, it so happened that Serge and I were in the same town, playing first business at two distinct theatres. Like other actors, we had our separate partizans, whose opinions assumed a tangible shape in the columns of two rival newspapers, in one of which (that which took S.'s part) it was hinted that it would be a good thing if the mooted question of which was the "best man" (I or Serge) were decided by the alternate performance of the same characters, by the same actors, at the same theatre.

The suggestion was speedily taken up and put in a way of realization. The theatre deemed most appropriate for the display was hired, committees were organized, and bills were issued. Among the committees, was one of judgment, composed of men in whose cleverness and impartiality the playgoers of the town had a strong reliance.

It would be profitless to linger over details. Suffice it to say, that the series of representations agreed on, came off in the prescribed order, that it was a capital thing for the manager, and that (pardon me for blowing my own trumpet) I was adjudged the successful competitor. I may as well add, that soon after the publication of this decision, Serge retired into private life, and whenever I went his way, made it a point to seat himself in a stage box, whence he would eye me with true melo-dramatic malignity.

As an actor, I wish to speak of actors well; and I am glad that, in many instances, I am able to do so. But there are cases in which I cannot. To the first,—Let me say, that among the wearers of the sock and buskin, particularly among those of lower pay and position. I have met men and women who would be an honor to any calling or any sphere of life—people of probity, industry, and rare intelligence. To the second,—There, I must also declare, I have found considerable meanness, arrogance, and ignorance, and a bearing towards the less fortunate, for which no other class of civilized society would afford toleration. There are shining exceptions to the rule, and ought to be, which I take pleasure in indicating.

All this brings me back to the "utility" people, with one of whom I had the pleasure of commencing an acquaintance, which I have cherished ever since, and shall continue to do so to the latest moment of my life. John Ochre is the name of my friend. He entered the profession young, and the same as I did, on the lowest round of the ladder; hoping for preferment which, unlike me, he waited vainly for. As an actor, John Ochre may be called a disappointed man; for, conscious of being the possessor of better powers than the world ever gave him credit for, and remembering the frustration of his professional hopes, he can but regret the too implicit trust he placed in an ancient maxim, and the consequent loss of an opportunity to enrich himself. For thirty years, he continued at this drudgery—a bachelor like myself. A distant relative, however, died ten years since, and bequeathed to him more than sufficient to pass the remainder of his days in peace and comfort. I am not aware whether I have said that John lives in my neighborhood; but so he does; and what is more, he is ever with me when a brother of the craft from a long distance drops in, and whenever I take my summer trip into the country. I may as well inform the reader, that when I and John were rusticating last year, in a beautiful and mountainous district of Pennsylvania, the ex-actor Serge burst upon our astonished vision. He was the perfect picture of a faded *beau*—plentifully supplied with patches, hair dye, oils, perfumes, and jewelry. He knew us at the first glance, as we knew him. Forgiving, if not forgetful of harsh bygones, the probabilities are that I and friend John would have done the polite towards the ex-actor. But he would not let us. The old scowl of malignity on his face assured us of that.

John and I often sit over our toddy, talking about the men and things that were—of the actors, musicians, minstrels, dancers, and show people in general we once knew, how many have departed to that "bourne whence no traveller returns!" how many have changed from young to old! and what wonderous alterations have transpired in the theatre and the show! I remember, and so does John, when our tragedy folks appeared in a set style of velvet and spangles, and our delineators of comedy in the costume of the Revolutionary era; when it was nothing but foreign music that was patronized; and when the programme under canvas lacked all the wonders to be found there in these days—the times ere Jem Crow had a "local habitation and a name."

"Only look now," one of us often exclaims. "Only go to New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, to see how far we have gone ahead in these respects." And then is sure to follow dissertations on Wallack's, Laura Keene's, the Winter Garden, Niblo's, and the two Boweries; the Arch and the Walnut; the Academy of Music, the Museum, and the Howard; with ever so many halls of minstrelsy, circuses, and shows. What places! what performances! what fixings!

And sometimes, while we are talking thus, all about the stages of pretence and the characters of mere assumption, the echoes of a great and real drama fall on our ears, and we speak the names of men who are more than shadows. By birth, reason, and affection, I am a Union man; so is John. And since this trouble has fallen on our land, we have always been on the alert to ascertain the earliest news, and to convey it to our neighbors. Where we live, the people are sound on the Constitution, and the display of bunting is what Domine Sampson would call "prodigious." High above the houses in which I and my old friend respectively live, the Stars and Stripes float gallantly to the breeze. Up with the sun, and down only when it has ceased to shine, these beautiful banners are our special delight. We have faith in their every fold, and believe that the glorious constellation of THIRTY-FOUR will not only emerge, clear and shining, from the red clouds now around it, but have more light added to it. This, I say, is our hope, for we both confess it, with no vain gloriousness, however, that we are patriots—John and I.

THE TWO LUNATICS.—The house for lunatics, established at Charite-sur-Loire, department of Nievre, was, some time ago, the scene of a most tragical event.

The Sieur Mangue, an apothecary of Sancere, and the Sieur Leonard Pousscrean, a mason of Lucry le Bourg, had been placed in the house as insane patients. Among other proofs of madness, Mangue continually manifested a strong dislike of life, and endeavored to prevail on the different inmates of the establishment to murder him. Unfortunately, the proposal being made to Pousscrean, who labored under a most incurable kind of insanity, he willingly undertook to perpetrate the horrid act.

The two lunatics immediately descended the stair-case leading to the kitchen, where they found a wooden horse. Mangue suddenly stopped, coolly took off his coat and cravat, turned down his shirt collar, and laid his head on the horse. They now wanted an instrument, and Mangue pointed to the kitchen chopper. Pousscrean ran to fetch it, returned, and finding his companion still in the same attitude, beheaded him with a single stroke, without anybody having heard or observed the preparations for this horrible execution.

The event was, however, soon discovered; the murderer was known by the bloody stains with which he was covered. On being questioned, he confessed, without the least emotion, that he had yielded to the repeated entreaties of Mangue; that the latter had bequeathed to him a valuable document (which, on being produced, proved to be merely a piece of waste paper), and that he would perform the same office to any one who asked him politely!

GOOD THOUGHTS.—There is beauty and philosophy in the following *morceau*:

"There is not a heath however rude,
But has some little flower,
To brighten up in solitude,
And scent the evening hour.
There is not a heart however cast
By grief and sorrow down,
But has some memory of the past,
To love and call its own."

THE truly great are humble, as these ears of corn and boughs of trees that are best laden, bend lowest.

THE MYSTERIOUS WATCH.

AN OLD DOCTOR'S STORY.

You have no faith in the supernatural? I have. You do not believe in necromancy, or astrology, or in omens, or in fulfillment of dreams, or in the power of the evil eye? I do. The reason of this is, you are Americans, descended from English ancestors, while I have German blood in my veins, and inherit a reverence for what you sneer at. Were a disembodied spirit to arise at my bedside to-night, I should question it, and own to being frightened, while you would throw a candlestick at its immaterial head, and insist to the last upon its being a burglar in disguise. Yet, mark me, in spite of yourself, your hair would rise, and your blood curdle, and you would feel what you would not acknowledge for the world. Bah! if such things have no existence, what do our strange shiverings and shudderings mean? and why do we look about us with awe-stricken eyes when we pass graveyards after dusk? *You* do not, you say. Are you sure of it? I have never seen a ghost, and I cannot say I desire the spectacle. There must be an uncomfortable beating of the heart at such a sight. I doubt if many could retain both life and reason through such an ordeal.

I am a doctor. Years ago, I was very poor and very young. I came from my own country with my diploma, and nothing else. I found that the great cities of the new world were full of doctors young and poor as I was. I left them, and went westward. I settled in the State of Indiana. It was then one great forest, with clearings here and there for fields of corn and rude log-houses. Any one led a hard life there, and a doctor, it seemed to me, worst of all. Miles and miles of hard riding through rain and mud, to visit patients who could pay nothing; miles back again, to steal a few moments of repose before another announcement of some one being "very bad!" I was skin and bones in a twelvemonth, but that was nothing uncommon in that part of the world. The only wonder is that I did not have what they called "fever'n'ager;" I was the only person free from it for fifty square miles. However, I prospered, after a certain fashion, and in a year or two made a considerable local reputation. The place was growing, and my spirits began to revive.

It was about this time that I first saw my watch, to which all I have now to tell relates. A cold night in November had set in. I was at supper in my little home, and enjoying it as only a hungry and weary man can enjoy food. Don't ask what I had; it was "out west," remember. Of course, there was a preparation of corn, and a preparation of pork, and a preparation of whisky; corn meal, pork and whisky are the staple articles offered "out west." I was enjoying my supper, as I have said, and a loud knock at my door was not the most delightful sound which could have broken the silence. However, I said "Come in!" with as good a grace as possible, and a stranger entered. He was a tall, broad-shouldered man, in the dress of a backwoodsman, and his large features wore a troubled expression. I saw at once that something serious had occurred.

"It's a bad night to trouble you to come so far, doctor," he said, looking at me from under his fur cap; "but there's a bad accident happened over at our clearin', and if you kin do anything for the poor chap, I'll be glad to see it done, more particularly as I helped to shoot him."

"Helped to shoot him!" I said, with a start; "what do you mean?"

"We took him for some kind of a critter, that's how it was," answered my visitor; "not a-purpose, stranger. We think heaps of him. I'd sooner hev shot myself."

I knew the man spoke the truth, and taking my box of surgical instruments under my arm, followed him to the spot where his horse was tied. Mine was already saddled; my little darkey knew well enough what the arrival portended, and had made him ready. We were off in a few moments.

Few words were spoken as we rode along through the darkness. I asked whether the wounds were serious, and my companion replied—"I'm afeard they be, doctor." I asked if the injured man were young or old, and he answered—"Rising forty;" and then, after a few words upon the badness of the road, we relapsed into silence.

At last a glimmering light told that we had approached a dwelling, and with a short "We're thar, doctor," my companion sprang from his saddle and entered the door. I followed him. The room was feebly lit by some flickering candles. About a bed in the centre were grouped four or five men and a woman, large and broad-shouldered as any of her masculine companions. A child, too, lay crying in its cradle, but no one seemed to notice him. They made way for my approach, and I saw a figure stretched upon the bed. It was that of a man with sinewy limbs and weather-beaten face. His shirt was unbuttoned, and the breast and sleeves were soaked with blood.

"'Taint of no use, doctor," he said, as I bent over him; "I'm a gone coon. Doctor's stuff ain't no account to *me*, now."

I did not believe him. His face was not that of a dying man, and the wounds scarcely seemed dangerous. "These bullets are bad things to have in one's side," I said, "but men have lived through more than that. Cheer up!"

"I ain't down-hearted, doctor," answered the man. "I shan't leave no children nor no wife to fret after me and suffer for want of my rifle. I have never been much afeard of death. But I tell you all you can do's of no use. There's a sign that can't be mistook."

The group about the bed glanced at each other, and the woman shook her head at me as though she would have said, "Never mind his words."

I did what I could for him. The bullets were extracted and the wounds bound up. He was weak, but not desperately so. I looked at him and smiled. "How now?" said I.

"'Taint no use—the watch is stopping fast," he answered.

Then, for the first time, I noticed that beside him on the bed lay a great old-fashioned silver watch, the case battered, the face discolored, and that it ticked with a strange, dull sound, as though it were very old and feeble.

"The watch has been injured by the bullets, I suppose," said I; "besides, all watches stop at times."

"Not this one, stranger," said the wounded man. They've laughed about that watch a hundred times; now they'll find my story's true, I reckon. That watch and I will stop at the same minute."

The woman at the bedside shook her head again. "It's an old fancy o' yourn, Mike Barlow," she said; "you'll live to see the folly of it."

"So they talk," said the man. "Now listen, doctor. You've come fur to see me, and done all you could. I'll give you that watch. Its money valley arn't much, but it'll do you service. It was giv to me by an old Frenchman, out o' Canady, when he was layin' jest as I am layin'. It had been his father's, and his grandfather's, and his great-grandfather's before that; and this is what he told me about it, and this is what you'll find to be truth. That watch will tick slow and steady, reg'lar as the sun, as long as whoever it belongs to is well, and safe, and thriving. When there's danger coming, it begins to go fast, faster, and faster, and faster, until it is past, and so loud that you can hear it across the room as plain as if you held it in your hand. When death is coming, that watch begins to stop. It goes slower and slower. Its voice grows hollow; and when the breath leaves the body, there's no more sound to be heard, and all you can do won't make it go for a year. At the end of that time it will start all of a sudden, and after that you can read your fate by it and know your death hour. It was so after old Pierre died; it will be so now. Keep the watch when I'm gone, doctor."

I could not help looking with some interest at the battered time-piece. A strange story had been woven about it, and the marvelous always had a charm for me.

I sat beside my patient until he sank to sleep. He seemed to be doing well still, and I had no doubt but that the morning light would see him greatly better. But western hospitality would not permit of my departing at that late hour, and I was lodged in an upper chamber upon a bed as clean and fragrant as it was simple. I slept soundly. At midnight, however, I was awakened by the news that my patient was worse. He had awakened in mortal agony. Some inward injury, impossible to discover, had done its work. I said nothing of hope now, and the dying man looked at me with a ghastly smile.

"Take the watch," he said. "Watch it and me; you will find me right."

Those were the last words he uttered. He muttered incoherently after this, tossed his arms about, and struggled for his breath. At last he seemed to sink into a slumber. My hand was on his heart. I felt its beatings grow faint, fainter, fainter still. At last there was no motion. He was dead. I lifted the watch to my ear—that had stopped also!

There were tears in the eyes of the rough men about me, and the woman wept as she might for one of her own kindred. I could do no good now, and I turned to go away, leaving the watch under the coverlid; but one of the men came after me.

"He giv it to you," he said, "and its yourn. He had nobody belongin' to him, so you needn't be afeard of takin' it. He must hev taken a likin' to you, for he thought a heap of it. Take it, doctor." And so the watch was mine.

It was dumb and motionless, and remained so. I took it to a watchmaker, and he laughed at the idea of its ever going again. This was after I had left the west, and dwelt in a large and populous city in the Eastern States, some eight or nine months after poor Mike Barlow's death. The watchmaker only confirmed my own suspicions. It was a strange coincidence that it should last exactly its master's lifetime, but that was all. So I hung it upon my chamber wall, a memento of those days of toil and struggle in the far West.

One morning I awoke early. The blushes of dawn were just breaking over the earth. It was the month of November, but still the day was lovely. There was an unwonted sound in my room. At first I could not guess from whence it came. Had the sky been cloudy, I should have imagined it to be the rain upon the roof. Then I began to feel that this sound I heard was too delicate for the patter of rain. It might have been the clang of a fairy hammer, or the tapping of the beak of some minute bird, save that it was too regular. But the mystery of the sound was that it seemed to appeal to me—to reproach me with forgetting it.

I sat up and looked about me. In an instant I understood the sound. It was the tick of the old watch upon the wall. Silent for a twelvemonth, it had suddenly found voice, as though some spirit hand had touched its springs. I looked at my memorandum book. Twelve o'clock of the past night was the anniversary of Mike Barlow's death. His words had come true at last. He had said that when it once again began to move, it would be as my monitor of safety or danger. All else had happened as he had foretold; why should not this come to pass? I wore upon my guard chain a dainty little Geneva watch. I unfastened it, and put the battered silver monster in its place. The budding development of the mystery made it more precious to me than if it had been set with jewels.

It did not stop again. I heard the soft, clear "tick, tick, tick," all day, and when I wakened in the night. Once or twice it beat more rapidly than usual, and always before some peril—the first time, when a fever threatened me; the second, as I stood upon a broken bridge which was swept away one hour afterwards; and at other moments which I have forgotten, but which served to keep alive the fancy that I have loved to cherish. Never was its voice so clear and soft as on that evening when I first met Rosa Grey. I loved her from the first moment, she loved me in return. We had neither of us any friends to interfere, for she was an orphan, brotherless and sisterless; and so, after a brief courtship, we were married.

I had no secrets from my wife, and in a little while she learned the story of my watch. She had faith in it, and thought or fancied that she could detect the very shades of difference in its utterance. When I was weary, she said the watch was weary too; when I was glad, it had a joyous echo. I know that on that night, when a feeble breath fluttered in a feebler frame, and the little creature to whom our love had given existence struggled vainly for its life, there was a piteous cadence in the voice of that old watch I hope never to hear again.

So we lived on together. It was God's will that we should be childless, but we loved each other all the more. I grew rich and prosperous, and our only grief was the missing of those baby eyes and voices which we had hoped to have about our hearth.

It was my fortieth birthday (I never shall forget the day) when the watch began its warning. My wife and I heard it at one moment. Never before had the voice of that watch been so loud or so rapid. All day long, all the next, and all the next that warning continued. The strong pulse within the watch shook the table on which it rested when I drew it from my pocket, and made the garments on my bosom rise and fall when I replaced it. Were we threatened with illness? No! her cheek was blooming and my pulse was regular. What could it mean?

After four days I began to laugh at my own credulity, and even Rosa began to lose her faith in the monitor. About noon I left her, and went alone to a little room where I kept my medical works and some rare drugs and curiosities. It was my purpose to study for a lecture which I was to deliver that evening. I seated myself at my desk and commenced to read; but after a few moments I began to experience a singular faintness, and to inhale a disagreeable odor. I recognized the smell in a moment. In one of the jars upon my shelves was a rare essence of great use in cases where a suspension of consciousness was necessary, but excessively dangerous save in skillful hands. Some one—a servant, probably—had been meddling with the jar and removed the stopper, and the room was full of the powerful odor. I must leave it if I would live. I staggered to the door, put my hand upon the lock, when, horror of horrors! it remained immovable—something had happened to the catch. I strove to call aloud, but my voice failed me. I clutched the table for support, but lost my hold, and fell heavily to the floor. I could see nothing—all grew dark about me. Mechanically, I placed my hand upon the watch within my bosom. It had stopped!—and I remember nothing more.

Consciousness came back to me, as it may come to a new-born babe, for aught I know. I felt without understanding; I was conscious of facts for which I cared nothing; I was in the dark; I was very cold, and my movements were constrained; but it did not seem as though that was any affair of mine. Hunger at last awoke me; the animal aroused the mental, and I began to wonder where I had been and where I was. I put up my hand as well as I could. There was a low roof over my head, folds of muslin lay about me, and something was upon my breast which emitted a sickly fragrance—a bunch of flowers, seemingly half withered. I knew this by the touch. What was the matter with me? Why could I not breathe freely? Was I blind and deaf, that I could neither see nor hear? Suddenly the truth flashed across me; I had been *buried alive!*—I lay in my coffin!

And all this time, you ask, where was my wife?—how had she borne the blow which had fallen so suddenly upon her? She it was who had found me senseless upon my study floor; and she it was who hoped for returning consciousness after all others despaired. At last they told her I was dead, and shrouded me for burial. Learned men decided that the strange preservation of my frame was caused by the manner of my death, and at length my body was committed to the tomb.

I had often made my wife promise me that if I died first she would take the watch into her own possession, and wear it while she lived; and so, now that all was over, she took it, voiceless as it was, and laid it next her bosom. For three days and nights she never slept; but at last exhaustion did its work, and she fell into a heavy slumber. She was awakened by a sound as strange as it was unexpected. The watch, silent since that fatal day, had begun to tick—fast and furious, as it never ticked before; loud enough to arouse her—loud enough to make her spring from her pillow in an agony of hope and fear.

Those about her thought she was a mad woman; but, nevertheless, the strength of her purpose bore all before her. Out into the midnight she went, and they followed her. Through the streets of the deserted town she passed in her white night-robes, like a ghost, and they dared not hold her back. She reached the church-yard at last, and beat wildly on the old sexton's door.

"I am come to tell you to open my husband's vault," she said; "he is come to life again."

He also thought her mad, and yet dared not disobey her; and all the while the furious ticking of the watch was heard by each one there. It softened, it stilled when the doors were opened and the dark coffin stood upon the turf. It grew musical when my wife bent over me and caught me to her heart—no corpse, but a living man; and it has had no change in its regular beat since that moment.

It is before me now, battered and worn as it was when it first came into my possession; and you may laugh alike at the watch and at the superstition with which it is connected. But my wife believes in it firmly, and loves it as though it were a living thing; and, for the matter of that, so do I.

THE CROWNED SKELETON.—Aix-la-Chapelle in Germany, derives its name from the tomb of Charlemagne. He gave instructions that when he died, he should be buried in a royal position; not prostrate as slumbering dust, but seated in the attitude of a ruling monarch. He had the mausoleum erected over the sepulchre of our Savior at Jerusalem. In a tomb within this chapel he was placed upon a throne. The Gospels, which I suppose he had often read whilst he was living, he would appear determined to study thoroughly after he was dead. He directed they should be laid upon his knees before him. By his side was his sword; upon his head was an imperial crown, and a royal mantle covered his lifeless shoulders. Thus was his body placed, and did his body remain, for about 190 years. One of his successors resolved he would see how Charlemagne looked, and what became of the riches that adorned his tomb. Nearly a thousand years after Christ, the tomb was opened by Emperor Otho. The skeleton form of the body was found there, dissolved and dismembered; the various ornaments I speak of were all there too; but the frame had sunk into fragments, the bones had fallen disjointed and asunder, and there remained nothing but the ghastly skull wearing its crown still, and nothing to signify royalty but this vain pageant of death in its most hideous form! The various relics were taken up, and are now perserved at Vienna; and they have often since been employed in the coronation of the Emperors of Germany, in order to satisfy their greatness and their being successors to Charlemagne.

DAILY EXERCISE FOR DOMESTIC ANIMALS.—Horses require daily exercise in the open air, and can no more be expected to exist without it than their owners. Exercise is an essential feature in stable management, and like well-opportuned food, tends alike to preserve the health of horses. Daily exercise is necessary for all horses unless they are sick; it assists and promotes a free circulation of the blood, determines morbific matter to the surface, developes the muscular structure, creates an appetite, improves the wind, and finally invigorates the whole system. We cannot expect much of a horse that has not been habituated to sufficient daily exercise; while such as have been daily exercised and well managed, are capable not only of great exertion and fatigue, but are ready and willing to do our bidding at any season. When an animal is overworked, it renders the system very susceptible to whatever morbid influences may be present, and imparts to the disease they may labor under, an unusual degree of severity. The exhaustion produced by want of rest is equally dangerous; such horses are always among the first victims of disease, and when attacked, their treatment is embarrassing and unsatisfactory."

AN ODD FREAK.—Twelve years ago a party of gentlemen from Harrisburg, Pa., on a sporting tour, in one of their convivial moods, buried a bottle of liquor, the last survivor to exhume it and drink to the health of his dead comrades. A few days since the plan received its completion at the hands of the last survivor.

AMUSEMENT.—It is doing some service to humanity to amuse innocently; and they know very little of society who think we can bear to be always employed in duties or meditation without any relaxation.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1862.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LONGHAND, JR.—1.—We cannot describe the incipient signs of consumption, for the reason that there can be no such classification, because each individual is not only an exponent of his (or her) type or class, but a living example of both decomposition and of vitality. Each individual, however healthy, carries inherently both principles within itself. Much mischief is caused by talking about such "early signs," when the fact is, that what may appear as an unfavorable sign in one organization, might be a very favorable sign for exemption in another person. 2. Take no medicine whatever, unless authorized by properly qualified and conscientious advice.

W. M., New York.—1. Edwin Forrest's first appearance on a regular stage was at the Walnut, Philadelphia, on the 27th Nov., 1820, and his first appearance in this city was at the time of "Obe" Woodhull's benefit at the old Park Theatre. We cannot give the precise date of the latter, but it was shortly before his first star engagement at the Bull's Head (Bowery) Theatre, on the 17th Jan., 1825.

H. H.—We know of no concert halls in Montreal, ostensibly advertised as such. Halls may be obtained for occasional concertising parties. The principal places of amusement there are the Theatre Royal, Mechanics' Hall, and Victoria Gardens. The two latter are usually at liberty for casual concerts, by arrangements with advance agents.

CRICKETER, Boston.—The middle wicket, on or off, should stand about eleven or thirteen yards from, and in a line with, the bowler's wicket. This situation requires a person of some judgment and activity. There is no place in the field where so many struggles occur to get a run, as also catches and severe hits.

C. B. B., Dunnville, C. W.—1. Letter mailed on the 8th inst. 2. Miss Annie's letter is still here; where shall we send it? 3. Canada postage stamps will not pay postage from hence. 4. Your prosperity, both present and prospective, pleaseth us. 5. Thanks, and one more for the little one.

BOSTON.—*Forty-Fives.*—The points for the tricks are taken before the points for the best trumps, consequently B wins. Be more careful in stating your questions, for they were so indistinct that it is possible that we may have misconstrued them.

MAUNSELL, Canada.—1. We do make use of such scores. 2. We have no *regular* correspondent there. 3. All right. Thank you.

P. E. A., Philadelphia.—Thanks. Items used, mainly on account of their patriotic tendencies, although our pages are much crowded.

W. S. A., Columbus, O.—Thanks. The Doc. is around, as usual. Always glad to see your fist on paper.

F. G. RIGGS, Albany.—The letter was handed to the lady you instructed to call for it.

ANNICUS, Washington, D. C.—Joe Coburn was present at the benefit for the Widow Harrington, and set-to with John Woods.

ROB ROY.—It depends on the wording of the agreement. See answer to "Fitz," in last week's CLIPPER.

GREEN 'UN, Yorktown.—See Jack Bath's advertisement in this issue. He will post you on the points "like a book."

CONSTANT READER, Woodstock, C. W.—The two players score two points each.

S. C. H., Washington, D. C.—Tom Hyer has not fought a prize fight since his contest with Yankee Sullivan.

NAVY, Philadelphia.—See article elsewhere.

THE GREAT SCULLING MATCH.

WARD AND HAMILL'S RACES FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

Two days of the current week have been set apart for a couple of sculling races, between Joshua Ward and James Hamill, for $1000 and the championship. The first event, a race of three miles—a mile and a half out, and return—will come off on Wednesday, 13th inst., and the second event—a race of five miles—two miles and a half out and return—will follow on Thursday, 14th inst. Both races are to take place on the river Schuylkill, above Fairmount, Philadelphia. As stakeholder, the whole of the money is in our possession, and the public may depend on seeing a *bona fide* race. Ward and Hamill, with a few of their respective friends, left here last week for Philadelphia, where they are now practising on the river Schuylkill. It is our opinion that some of the best sculling ever witnessed on this continent will be displayed at this match, and we are greatly mistaken if the time shown does not eclipse the best on record. Both men are in the best of spirits, and confident of success. Some of the best rowers in the country will be present to witness the struggle between Ward and his Pittsburgh competitor, while thousands of admirers of the amusement of rowing will line the banks of the Schuylkill to see the professionals row their delicate shells, and contend for the championship of American waters. The races will take place about 3 o'clock, P. M.

INTERNATIONAL MATCH.—By the correspondence which follows, it will be seen that there is a probability of a pugilistic encounter between two representatives, respectively, of this country and England. Joe Goss, in answer to Coburn's note, replies, stating that he will fight Coburn in this country, if something towards his expenses here be allowed; or, he will allow Coburn his expenses if he (Coburn) will fight in England. Goss' answer is very fair, and doubtless he means business. It remains now for Coburn to put on the "finishing touches" for this proposed international contest.—

AMERICA VS. ENGLAND.

We have received a communication from Mr. Frank Queen, of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, enclosing the following letter from Joseph Coburn, of New York, in answer to a challenge from Joe Goss:—

"To the Editor of the Sporting Life.

SIR—In your recent issues, I notice a challenge from Joe Goss, in which he expresses his willingness to fight me for any sum, from $1,000 to $3,000 a side. He also refers to what he terms my challenge to Jem Mace, the Champion, and states that, as the latter is already matched with King, he is willing to accommodate me. Now, I never challenged Mace at all, but I publicly expressed my intention, through the press of this city, in the event of my not being able to get on a match in this country, to visit England, and try to come to terms with the Champion, or any one else disposed to accept my terms. Since that time I have embarked in business in this city, and it would be folly on my part to throw it up for the purpose of going to England on speculation. But, to show I mean business, I will fight Mr. Joe Goss for any sum that he proposes, in any of the English colonies on this continent. If he is willing to accept these terms, he can do so through your columns. Yours, truly, JOSEPH COBURN.

JOE GOSS TO JOE COBURN, OF NEW YORK.

We have received the following letter from Joe Goss, in answer to J. Coburn's challenge:—

"To the Editor of the Sporting Life.

SIR—You will much oblige me by inserting the following in your Saturday's paper:—In reply to Joe Coburn, of America, I understood that he was coming to England, and seeing that the Champion was matched, and myself very anxious for a match, I thought Coburn would have no objection to fighting me instead of Mace. Seeing that he does not intend leaving America, if he will allow me something towards my expenses of going to America, I will fight him according to his challenge, for £200, and leave it open for £500 a side, in five or six months from the first deposit, the editor of the *Sporting Life* to be final stakeholder; or will allow him his expenses if he will come to England. By sending a deposit of $50 and articles, will ensure a match. Hoping this will suit Coburn, I am, sir, yours truly, JOE GOSS.

Boat Inn, Wolverhampton, July 24."

SOMERSAULTS AT BOWLS.—The Marseilles (France) journals make mention of a player at bowls there, one More, of such great skill at the game that, not satisfied with beating his adversary as an ordinary mortal, he carries on his head a pyramid of six bottles, which, whether he is bowling, picking up his bowl, or in motion, never loses its perpendicular. We despair of finding "one more" like him, and have come to the conclusion to let the title of Champion Bowler of the World fall to his lot by default. He's more of a bowler than any one we have yet "hearn tell on."

THE CHAMPION RACES.—The races between Ward and Hamill, for the championship and $1,000, will take place on the 13th and 14th inst., on the river Schuylkill, at Philadelphia. Ward and his friends are domiciled at the Falls Hotel, on the banks of the river, a short distance above Fairmount. But little has been heard from the Schuylkill Navy, but it was thought they would be on hand to see that the course is kept clear. We hope they will attend to this matter.

HEENAN IN LONDON.—John C. Heenan was looked for in London the latter part of July. His engagement with Howes has three months to run yet, and it is not improbable that he may be re-engaged. It is thought very likely that he may be matched with the Champion of England before his return to this country. Such is the talk in London pugilistic circles. Jim Heenan is back with John again.

AN INTERCOLONIAL SHOOTING MATCH takes place at Prince Edward's Island on the 12th inst.

THE PUGILISTIC CHAMPION OF IRELAND.

INCIDENTS IN HIS CAREER.

When the Irish Champion, Jack Langan, was a young man, he worked as carter for Mr. Howard, Sr., of Dublin. In this capacity, he formed an intimacy with "master Howard," then the junior H., although that gentleman is now verging on sixty. As they grew up, their friendship waxed stronger, and with considerable regret Jack left his old boss to try his fortune in the prize-ring—with what success is a matter of history too well known for further comment. Mr. Howard, Jr., turned his attention to literature, and started a comic paper called "Paddy Kelly's Journal," or the *Irish Punch*, edited with such masterly ability, considering Mr. H. wrote every line published, that he was ever afterwards known as Paddy Kelly, instead of Howard, and he receives hundreds of letters at the present day, addressed "Paddy Kelly, *Bell's Life* Office, 170 Strand," where he hangs out. In a former letter, it may perhaps be remembered I gave him another cognomen, "Paul Bedford's Double;" now he is better known by this *nomme de guerre* than the other, all his friends considering the harmless squib as applicable to him in every particular.

"To return to our subject," as Unsworth says about a dozen times every night in his stump speech at the Oxford Concert Rooms. Flushed with honors from the battle-field, or 24 foot ring, Jack Langan went into business in Liverpool, where, in a few years, he amassed the magnificent sum of £40,000. Paddy Kelly never passed Jack's door without wetting his whistle; he also observed that the host drank with everybody almost that came to see him, by invitation, and out of his genial Hibernian good nature, without the first sign of inebriation. "How the devil is it," quoth Paul Bedford's Double one day on the quiet, "that you do nothing but drink, drink, all day long, and never get tight?" "Can you keep a sacret?" whispered Jack. "Av course—you know I can: what do you bother me wid such a question as that for?" queried Howard. "Well, thin, the brandy I drink is nothing but tay!" And sure enough, Jack kept a big decanter of sweetened tea on the shelf for his own use, never tasting anything stronger, except out in company, when he managed to take as much whiskey as any of them. A capital idea, both financially and for his own health. He averaged thirty drinks a day, and every "go of brandy" costing a British shilling, made "one-pun-ten" every day clear profit, independent of liquor sold at the bar. Unlike most people, Jack Langan knew when he had enough "filthy lucre" to live comfortably on; he therefore retired, purchased a £30,000 estate in Ireland, and was in a fair way of enjoying the rest of his life in happiness. But alas! all his hopes were dashed to pieces, through the hell-begotten crime of a dastard, heartless monster—an English nobleman—who, by lying, false promises, and an oily tongue, succeeded in accomplishing the ruin of poor Jack's only daughter! The shock was too great for the big-hearted Langan; the moment he heard of his darling child's disgrace, he became a raving maniac, and as such, died in fearful agony! What eventually became of the unfortunate girl, whether she is alive or dead, I know not; but as there is a God above, the hell-deserving libertine whose heinous, infernal, and diabolical act caused a father's soul to be ushered unprepared into eternity, and destroyed a pure female both in soul and body—his will be a fearful day of reckoning when the great day of judgment comes for us all. E. J.

GOODWOOD RACES.—These far-famed equine contests were to have commenced on Tuesday, July 29. On the following day the Goodwood Stakes were to be run for, and on the 31st the Goodwood Cup. For these two events, the American horses, Umpire and Optimist, are entered, the former being somewhat a favorite for both, particularly for the Stakes. For these, Umpire is weighted at 8st 4lb, and Optimist at 9st 1lb. For the Cup, both are weighted at 9 stone. "Beacon," the turf soothsayer, stands alone on Umpire for the Stakes; and "Augur," of the *Sporting Life*, augurs thus:—

"Umpire, in his two year old career, showed sufficient form to ensure him for some months the position of first favorite for the Derby; but since that period he has done nothing to distinguish himself. There is, however, a very general impression abroad that he will be found a great horse on some future occasion, and his backers look upon the forthcoming Stakes day as his most likely journey. Mr. Ten Broeck, when in earnest at Goodwood, is especially to be dreaded, as the *Racing Calendar* of 1859 and 1861 amply prove. In the Goodwood Stakes last year, with 8st 11lb, Umpire ran in front for a long way, and at one time looked as formidable as anything in the race; but I am not inclined to his chance myself; and believe that if the American "lands," it will be with Myrtle. She has run in public but once, when her fine action and good looks were carefully noted by your humble servant; and from her position in the market, and the recent "knocking out" of Rubicon (lately confined to the stable), I shall look to Myrtle as the hope of Mr. Ten Broeck's 'family.'"

For the minor events, Mr. Ten Broeck has numerous entries, chiefly with English bred horses, and as Goodwood has been hitherto his lucky field, he may do something in the way of putting money in his purse; but whether he will succeed in winning either the Cup or Stakes, or both, remains to be proven by the next arrival. Particulars will be given in our next issue. In the meantime, let us advise our readers to be careful how they bet on the bob-tailed nag, as the result may be "pigeoned" ere we shall be enabled to place them on the right track.

"MORE POWER TO YOU!"—This is Jem Ward's favorite toast when "smiling" with a friend. The venerable old gent, you see, is original in everything, and how much better his sentiment sounds to what Baron Nicholson used to say, "Here's your b——y good health!" Yet old Nick was educated for the law, while Jem received hardly any tuition at all in his young days. You never hear a curse or the least objectionable word fall from his lips; on the contrary, he partakes of all the admirable traits of a well-to-do farmer, ever thankful for blessings, and always looking on the bright side of everything. Mr. Ward has had several invitations to visit America—one from Tom Hyer soon after his fight with Sullivan, proposing a tour together over the United States, and another from a leading musical agent, to take his daughter, Miss Eleanor Ward, the eminent pianist, and lead her forward on the stage when performing.

THE AQUATIC CHAMPION OF AUSTRALIA.—By later advices from "perfidious Albion," we learn that Richard Green had arrived by the Damascus, on the 17th ult. He is said to be a remarkably well-built and powerful young man, twenty-five years of age, standing about 5ft. 10in. in height. Though he has got "big" from his voyage, his weight, when in training, is 11st. 12lb.; and as he will immediately proceed to train "on the quiet," he will soon proceed to try his strength against the best men of the Thames. If Green, Ward, and Chambers could only be brought together for a five-miler, what a sensation it would create. Is there no way in which it could be brought about? Oh! ye aquatic gods! let this thing be; a race between these champions three. Who seconds the motion?

BURNT OUT.—On returning to his home in 49th street, on the 1st inst., from his daily toil, John Grindell, the noted pedestrian, found that Father Flame had fixed his fiery fangs thereon, consuming the whole, including the famous fighting dog, Crib. To lose everything, is, to a man in John's position, a sad calamity; therefore, his friends intend tendering him a complimentary benefit in the shape of a ball, to take place at 87 Mercer street, on Thursday evening, 14th inst. Some first-rate music has been engaged, and it is expected that Terpsichore will be worshipped by a numerous throng. We venture to say that there will be more fun there on that evening, than at any hop at Saratoga this season.

A SELL.—Some shrewd individual, in our neighborhood, has been taking advantage of the turbid state of the public mind in reference to drafting, and advertises to let them into the secret of escaping the conscription for a consideration. As might be supposed, he has been flooded with "applications," with the required number of postage stamps, for which he returns a slip of paper, on which is written the ominous word "enlist." We didn't "git cotched," but we smelt a pretty big mice who did. He got well and deservedly laughed at by those who got hold of the secret, and the whole thing was looked upon as a huge, amusing, and shrewd "sell."

THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME.—Victor Hugo has written voluminously and well; but the Hunchback is one of his most talented compositions. The characters are so vividly drawn that we almost see them move and hear them talk. It is published by Dick & Fitzgerald, No. 18 Ann street, N. Y.

TRAIN'S UNION SPEECHES.—The second series, containing all the speeches delivered by George F. Train, in England, on the American War, since the publication of the first series, is just published by Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Bros., of Philadelphia. It is for sale by Frederic A. Brady, of 24 Ann street, N. Y.

LYNCH AND LITTLE.—These two first class billiard players, of California, are soon to play a match at San Francisco, of 1000 points up, for $500. Considerable betting is being done on both men, with Lynch as favorite.

BILLIARD TOURNAMENT IN SAN FRANCISCO.—The date for this event is fixed, and was to take place on July 21st and 22d, at Platt's Music Hall.

AQUATIC.

GRAND SWEEPSTAKES YACHT RACE.—The admirers of yachting sport experienced a rare treat in the way of a regatta in Gowanus Bay, on Thursday, August 7th, the occasion being a contest between the cat-rigged yachts Partridge, Laura, Nonpareil, Wardlow, Commodore and Rachel.

The course to be sailed was from the Club House to Buoy 9 on the west bank and back to the starting point, making a distance of twenty miles; two minutes were allowed per foot for difference in length, and the race had to be sailed in the maximum time of 6 hours. The entrance fee was $100 for each boat—the winner to receive the entire purse, with the exception of $100, which was awarded to the second boat.

Soon after 1 o'clock the steamboat Geo. Birkbeck, which was to accompany the little fleet, arrived at the dock, and a numerous company immediately embarked upon her, including the committee of arrangements, Messrs. J. Jones, J. M. Sawyer and A. C. Cunningham; the officers and members of the Brooklyn Yacht Club were also well represented on board the Birkbeck.

The start was to take place between the hours of 12 and 2 o'clock, and at 25 minutes past 1, at the signal, they got off in the following order:—

Name.	Owner.	Measurement.
1. Wardlow	J. Wardlow	26 ft.
2. Partridge	Wm. Petrie	26 "
3. Rachel	Chase & Co	26 " 5 in.
4. Laura	R. M. Whiting	26 " 11 "
5. Commodore	H. Smedley	27 " 8 "
6. Nonpareil	Graham & Co	28 " 8 "

At the start, the breeze was quite lively from the southeast, which afforded the boats a good opportunity to display their sailing qualities. The Wardlaw showed in front at the outset of the race, with the Partridge, Laura, Rachel, Nonpareil, and Commodore following. Shortly before reaching the Bay Ridge dock, the Partridge passed the Wardlow; the Laura being a good number three, while the Rachel here began to show her stern to her competitors, and being finely handled by Captain Smith, she soon passed the Laura and Wardlow, and was making a lively wake for the Partridge, which craft she overhauled and passed previous to reaching the outer stakeboat.

Buoy No. 9 was passed in the following order:—1. Rachel, a good half-mile ahead, 3 hours 31 min. 30 sec. 2. Laura, 3 hours 35 min. 3. Partridge, 3 hours 36 min. 4. Nonpareil, 3 hours 41 min. 30 sec. 5. Wardlow, 3 hours 33 min. 30 sec. 6. Commodore, 3 hours 51 min.

In returning, the boats fairly flew over the course, as they were favored with both wind and tide. The Rachel had the race "all hollow," and left her competitors nearly hull-down. The Laura and Partridge had a sharp rally on the return, which resulted in favor of the Laura. The Nonpareil also worked her way up handsomely, and came home as No. 3. The following is the order of their returning:—

1. Rachel, 4:46:07 ..... 3h 19m 07s
2. Laura, 4:55:10 ..... 3h 27m 30s
3. Nonpareil, 4:56:48 ..... 3h 28m 17s
4. Partridge, 4:56:51 ..... 3h 30m 27s
5. Wardlow, 5:00:23 ..... 3h 33m 23s
6. Commodore, 5:13:35 ..... 3h 45m 35s

BURLINGTON, C. W., BOAT CLUB REGATTA.—The contest for the second class Yacht Cup, on Saturday, 26th July, proved, as was expected, unusually exciting, and resulted in a victory for the old favorite. The Commodore, J. Stinson, Esq., performed his duties in his usual creditable manner, and with admirably arranged signals got the boats off well on time. The following is the order in which they were moored, the first named being to windward:—Gazelle, Serpent, Arcadian, Surge, and Breeze. Wind from the N. W. On starting, the Gazelle of course had the lead, which she maintained till shortly after rounding the first buoy, when the surge drew slightly ahead, the Breeze being third, and the others close at hand. In this order they continued for some time, when the wind freshening a little, and being aft, the last boats caught up somewhat, and the Breeze drew alongside the Gazelle. These two now ran down at a rapid pace, and reached the Surge almost simultaneously with the puff of wind, and the Gazelle at once shot ahead. By some mistake, however, she jibbed on the wrong side of the Oaklands buoy, and had to round again, giving the first place to the Surge. The Gazelle in a very short time rectified her mistake, and, with a mammoth topsail set, soon regained her place, taking the lead just previous to reaching the buoy at the Beach. Now commenced the beat up home, the real test of a boat's superiority. The Surge rapidly worked to windward of the others and bid fair to win easily, till within about two miles of the winning buoy, when, on crossing the Gazelle on a different tack, it was discovered that the latter had, by some extraordinary run of luck or good management, got ahead once more, and it certainly appeared as if she was to lead the way into the winning buoy, as she had done at all the others. The Surge, however, shook herself out to her work, and in an exceedingly short space of time regained the windward position, winning in capital style, the little Gazelle, which was remarkably well handled, being a good second, 8 minutes behind, and the Breeze third, 19 minutes behind the Gazelle, and the Arcadian and Serpent some time after.

BOAT RACES.—The rowing maches of the B. B. Club, which took place at Hamilton, C. W., on Saturday, Aug. 2, excited considerable interest among the community, and were witnessed by a large number of spectators. The course was a distance of about three miles. For the four-cared race there were four entries, the Comet, Minnehaha, Myth and Rocket, and they took their positions in the order we have placed them, the Comet having the inside station, next the Commodore's yacht. The boats were not well matched, for the Comet and Rocket soon left the other two behind, so that in fact there seemed to be two races, the one between the two boats we have named, and the other between the Myth and Minnehaha. The Comet rounded the buoy first, and the Rocket gained slightly on the home stretch, but failed to make good her loss. The following is the time made:—Comet, 20 min.; Rocket, 20 min. 5 sec.; Myth, 20 min. 20 sec.; Minnehaha, 20 min. 25 sec. The two-pair scull race followed, and the Lily and Firefly were the only entries. The first was manned by Messrs. Watson and McTaggart, and the latter by Messrs. John and James Hilton. Shortly after the start, Mr. James Hilton was taken ill and was replaced by Mr. Billings. The race was won by the Lily, the Firefly coming in 35 seconds after. The prize—a pair of silver sculls—was won by the same parties in 1860, so that if they are again successful, it will become their own property.

SALTASH VS HALIFAX, N. S.—A gig race between four fishermen and a crew of man-of-war sailors, came off in the Halifax harbor on the afternoon of the 4th inst. The day was very warm, and the heat operated sorely upon the oarsmen. The boats were named the "Quickstep" and "Alert." The sailors had the choice of boats, and selected the "Alert." The course was from the Narrows, around George's Island, and from thence to the Nile, the whole distance being about five miles. The race was easily won by the fishermen, apparently to the disappointment of many, as there were some celebrated Saltash oarsmen in the "Alert;" but notwithstanding all efforts, they were distanced by their opponents. There was but little interest manifested in the contest, and very few gathered on the wharves to witness the race. There did not appear to be much excitement in connection with the affair, and all things passed off very smoothly. The names of the fishermen who pulled in the "Quickstep" are Purcell, Hays, White and Beverly. The winning boat came in at least half a mile ahead of her competitor.

YACHTING.—Eight yachts belonging to the New York Yacht Squadron entered New Haven harbor on the night of the 7th inst., and left next morning for Newport. On the morning of the 8th the yacht Syren and the pleasure boats Hyac and Pollywog arrived early, after an absence of nine days. On their cruise, they visited Clinton, Stonington, Newport, Providence, Bristol, Fall River, Mystic, New London, Saybrook, Plumb Island, and Montauk Point, and had a good time generally.

MCGREADY VS BIGLIN.—We learn that McGready has challenged John Biglin, to row him a five mile race on the Hudson river, for the sum of $100. The course to be from the foot of 42d street, N. R., to a stake boat off Bull's Ferry, N. J., and return. Biglin is one of the crew of the famous four-oared shell Geo. J. Brown, and is also favorably known as a single scull rower. In the summer of 1861 he defeated McGready, in a match race over the Harlem river course; but it now appears that the latter is anxious to try "conclusions" with Biglin again.

SINGLE SCULL SHELL RACE.—On Friday, 8th instant, a single scull shell race came off on the Hudson river, between McGready, who rowed in the Armstrong, and James Prendergast, in the Bryan. The course was from a stake boat anchored off the foot of 42d street, up the river to a stake boat off Bull's Ferry, and back to the starting point. McGready won the race easily by a dozen lengths, in 34 min. 37 sec.

YACHTING AT HALIFAX, N. S.—The yacht race for the Prince of Wales Cup, which came off on Friday, Aug. 1st, resulted in favor of J. B. Crowe's Wave, which beat the other crafts by long odds. This is the second time the Wave has won the cup, and if she is victorious next year, she will be entitled to the ownership of it.

THE TURF.

TROTTING ON THE FASHION COURSE.—On Wednesday, August 6th, the Fashion Course was the scene of a match for $1,000, mile heats, best three in five, in harness, between two noted Dutchess county fiyers, belonging to Poughkeepsie. As the animals enjoy considerable reputation in the river towns, a good delegation of the Hudson river horse fanciers were in attendance. Previous to the race Johnstown was a decided favorite, and considerable money was posted on him at odds. The sorrel gelding, however, polished him off without any extraordinary effort, winning the purse in three straight heats, as per the following summary:—

WEDNESDAY, August 6.—Match for $1,000, mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness.

H F Jones named s g Henry Wilson 1 1 1
D Mace named spotted g Johnstown 2 2 2
Time:—2:36¾; 2:40; 2:51.

The above match was between parties from Poughkeepsie.

"ANOTHER LITTLE GO."—August 7th, on the same course, Columbia and Shark trotted a match for $500, mile heats, best three in five, in harness. The horses were supposed to be very equally matched in regard to speed, and it was thought that the contest would be a close one between them. In the first heat the mare took the lead soon after the word was given and although Shark was well up with her during most of the mile, he did not succeed in heading her, and she passed the score a winner of the heat in 2:38¾. Between the first and second heats the betting was four to one in favor of the sorrel, which was freely taken. On the second heat they got a capital send-off, and went to the half-mile pole head and head, in 1:18. Here, however, Shark made a bad break, by which he lost two or three lengths; on the home stretch they were again side by side, when Shark made another break, which gave the heat to the mare by a length, in 2:38¾. The third heat was won quite handily by Columbia, who passed the score several lengths in advance, in 2:35. In this heat the mare gained nearly all of her lead, as she did in the previous ones, by the bad breaking of the horse, who "went to pieces" before he reached the first turn. Summary:—

THURSDAY, August 7.—Match $500, mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

H F Jones named s m Columbia 1 1 1
D Mace named b g Shark 2 2 2
Time:—2:38¾; 2:36¾; 2:35;

DOUBLE TEAM TROT.—On Friday, August 8, a double team trot came off on the Fashion Course, L. I., for a purse and stake of $1000, mile heats, best three in five, to wagons. H. Woodruff entered g g Jesse and b m Jenny. D. Mace entered b m Kate and br m Lady Crocheron. S. McLaughlin entered s s Jim and br m Annie. Hiram's team Jesse and Jenny did not show, and for the

First Heat—Mace and McLaughlin came to the score. At the word, they got off well together and to the quarter pole, the race was an even thing; soon after passing the quarter, Jim and Annie broke badly, and they did not settle down to their work again during the entire heat. This, of course, gave the heat to Mace's team, which won by several lengths, in 2:52½.

Second Heat.—After an even start, McLaughlin's team which now trotted very squarely, drew rapidly away from Mace, and at the quarter pole they had a decided lead; at the half mile pole they were some seven or eight lengths ahead. At this time one of Mace's team went up, and he did not recover again until passing the score. McLaughlin's team won this heat in 2:44. Mace's team just saving their distance.

Third Heat.—In this heat the stallion Jim, of McLaughlin's team, broke up soon after the word was given, and he did not strike his gait again for a moment, but ran the entire mile, passing the stand some distance in advance of Mace's team—to whom, however, the heat was very properly awarded. Time, 2:55¼.

Fourth Heat.—This heat resulted similarly to the first and third, and from the same cause, the propensity of the stallion, of McLaughlin's team, to run instead of trotting. Thinking to vary the result, the owner drove in this heat, instead of McLaughlin, but with no better success; as Jim broke near the quarter pole, and did not pretend to trot any more during the heat. Mace won in 2:53½. Summary:—

Friday, August 8, double team trot, purse and stake $1,000, mile heats, best three in five, to wagons.

D. Mace entered b m Kate and br m Lady Crocheron 1 2 1 1
S. McLaughlin entered s s Jim and br m Annie 2 1 2 2
H. Woodruff entered g g Jesse and b m Jenny ..... dr.
Time, 2:52½; 2:44; 2:55¼; 2:53¼.

TROTTING ON LONG ISLAND.—Two or three events, considered by turfites of more or less importance, we think decidedly less, were to have taken place last week, but did not, one or other of the animals being drawn because of which they could not draw the public, or draw the public's money. They are a pretty set of drawers truly, and should be kept locked up. A little bit of a go took place on Friday, on the Fashion Course, between three roadsters, of which a summary is only necessary. Here it is:—

SUMMARY.

FRIDAY, August 1, 1862.—Purse and stake, $200; mile heats, best three in five, to wagons.

Owner names s g Gen. Halleck 1 1 1
S McLaughlin names b g Lofty 2 2 2
Owner names b g Honest Whit ..... drawn
Time—2:50; 2:47; 2:47.

ANOTHER TROT ON THE FASHION COURSE came off on Saturday, 9th inst., between Royal Charles, Phœbe, and General Halleck, on the Fashion Track, for $250, mile heats, best 3 in 5. Royal Charles won in three straight heats. Time, 2:43¾, 2:54, 2:54.

THE RING.

WM. CLARKE'S SALOON—THE GEM.—Corner of Houston and Crosby streets, New York. This establishment may truthfully be termed the Sportsman's Gallery of Art, as there is to be found the most extensive collection of the kind in the city, including pictures representing the most important sporting events, and the portraits of most of the eminent sportsmen in their several pursuits. Visit the Sporting Picture Gallery, to which some valuable additions have recently been made, by all means. 3-tf

WEEHAWKEN.—This suburb of New York, though located in New Jersey, is visited during the summer by many of our overheated citizens for the benefit of their health. Those who cross the water in that direction this summer, will not forget that the affable ED. WILSON has re-opened his cozy little retreat there, called "THE RUINS," just to the left of the road ascending the hill from the 42d street ferry, where a good view of the Hudson River may be had; a cooler in the shape of a sherry cobbler or mint julep, cigars of first-rate quality; and, if you like, you can take an hour's pleasant exercise at quoits, the material and place being always in fix. 9-tf

THE ORIENTAL, No. 116 Bowery, between Grand and Hester streets, New York. The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and acquaintances, that he has taken the above house, which he opened on Monday evening, June 9th, 1862. The Bar will be supplied with the choicest Wines, Liquors, and Segars. The Proprietor will do everything in his power to promote comfort. 10-tf JOHN ROCHE.

THE DEER'S HEAD,
NO. 25 EAST HOUSTON STREET, (near Broadway.)
JACK BATH begs to return his sincere thanks for the very liberal patronage extended to him since opening the above premises. He begs to assure his friends and patrons that everything in the shape of cooling and refreshing beverages, together with the strictest attention and civility, will always be extended to all who may honor his hostelrie with a visit. The CLIPPER, and all other sporting journals always on file—with Jack himself to give every information about sporting events, either at home or abroad. 14-tf*

QUOITING.—The Quoit Shades, 273 Spring Street, will open for the Quoiting world, on Saturday, May 17, 1862, under the command of the Old Fireman, Soldier, and Quoit Player,
CAPT. TIM WATERS.
The Ground has soft clay ends, and the Captain respectfully asks the patronage of his friends. [6-3m] T. WATERS.

CAN KEEP A HOTEL.
"Free and easy, free and easy,
We'll be free and easy still."
TOM MCCHRISTIE, has located himself at the PAVILION, West Farms, where everything conducive to pleasure and comfort can be found. Horses are well groomed, and an hour's sojourn there will convince the "most fastidious" that TOM knows how "to keep a hotel." 18-1t*

ANOTHER GAME OF FRENCH DOMINOES.—PATERSON, July 26th, '62.—EDITOR CLIPPER:—In perusing your paper, I noticed a record of a game of Dominoes (French) played in Paterson, N. J., at which a count of fifty was made by play, and sixteen by going domino. This, although remarkably well done, I say beat to day at the Jackson House, by a brace of experts, in playing a French game; a dead square thing. A count was made completely eclipsing the one recorded by Charlie T. in last week's issue. It was done in this manner:—

Arthur F. set the 4-6, making 10	J. K. P. played 4-blank.
J. K. P. played double 6.	Arty F. played blank 3, making 15
Arty F. played double 4, making 20	J. K. P. played 3-5.
	Arty F. " 6-5, making ... 10

which forced J. K. P. to draw, he pulling eight pieces before getting one to match: the piece drawn was 5-blank, Arty F. going domino with the double 5, making 10, and getting a count of 5, making a total of 102. This probably looks like a set thing, but I assure you it was done on a four square, each player being obliged to play when able. Half a dozen spectators can testify to the truth of this statement. In conclusion, I would remark that any crack players, whether in pairs or single (none excepted), can be accommodated with a sociable game, for amusement (or pure American soap) by calling at the Jackson House, Paterson, N. J. BLINKER.

PRAIRIE CHICKENS.—These game birds are universally abundant this season in Minnesota. On the 1st inst., the legal restrictions placed upon shooting them, were suspended for the time being, so that the New-York market will soon be supplied with them. Prairie fowl make good shooting and good eating.

BALL PLAY.

GRAND MATCH AT HOBOKEN.

A SPLENDID DISPLAY OF BATTING.

ECKFORD VS. MUTUAL.

The Eckford Club of Brooklyn, not being content with a victory over the Eagle Club of New York, went over to Hoboken on Monday, Aug. 4th, and their encountered the noted Mutual Club of New York, whose career was such a brilliant one last season. The Mutuals are well known for their batting propensities, travelling on a good deal of muscle in this respect, and the Eckfords are not unknown to fame for the possession of a similar characteristic of play. Both are also first class players in the field; under these circumstances, a fine display of the beauties of the game was anticipated, and the result was anything but a disappointment to the thousands who were on the ground of the Mutual Club to witness it. The weather was oppressively warm, every one perspiring as freely as if in a steam bath. But "weather" or no, every ball player and admirer of the game was bound to see this match if he could. The odds, among the betting fraternity, were in favor of the Mutuals, and chiefly for the reason, that in the match with the Gothams they had fielded so finely, that it was supposed that if they did as well in this match in fielding, and batted with their accustomed skill, the Eckfords would not be able to compete with them. But the Eckfords play a nice little up-hill game sometimes, and they were just in good condition to do it this time. The game opened brilliantly on both sides, the batting being right up to the highest mark of both clubs, each leading off in dashing style, the Eckfords with 5, including a home run, and the Mutuals for 9 ditto, the score of the first innings being 9 to 5. In the second and following innings the figures were reduced, and a more equal score was the result, 9 to 11 being the figures at the close of the 2d innings, 9 to 12 at the 3d, and 12 to 14 at the finish of the 4th. Nearly each innings after the 3d, the Eckfords got even with their opponents, but lost the lead again before the close of the innings. This occurred until the 8th innings, when they headed the score of their opponents by 3 runs, the figures at the close of the innings being 25 to 22. The contest had been thus far deeply interesting, close, and exciting, but now it was still more so, and the parties went in to the 9th innings in a rather feverish state, as every movement was watched with great interest, and every error was an important one. The Eckfords changed their 25 to 28, and the Mutuals commenced their 9th innings with a score to get of 6 to tie, and seven to win. Two of these had been obtained, McMahon contributing a home run for his share, when Harris hit a foul ball to right field which Campbell caught on the bound, and that closed the innings and the game, the Eckfords winning by a score of 28 to 24.

The general play in this match on both sides, was excellent, both in batting and fielding, and as a whole, it was one of the best games of the season. But batting was the feature of it, and such batting one does not often see, even on the Mutual ground. Every one familiar with the ground, knows that it is a finely hit ball that reaches the ground near the trees that mark the boundary of the centre field; yet Harris, Wansley, Bogart, and especially McMahon, hit balls that entered the foliage at the top of these very trees, as did Mills and Manolt at one time. And in the way of ground hits, those balls that bound along the ground, which cannot be caught, and are difficult to stop, were sent into the field from the bats of both parties with a "vim" that spoke well for the muscular development of the strikers, Mills especially doing yeoman service in this respect. In the fielding, on the part of the Mutuals, that of Ward was the best we have yet seen on the ground. Brown, too, was as active as ever, putting out no less than three players on the 2d base, two on the fly, and one on the bound; Ward's show of the outs being eight, one on the fly and seven on the 1st base, all of which were capitally put out. Taylor at right field marked his play with a beautiful one hand fly catch, and was active in other respects. Harris at centre field, was especially serviceable in the fly catching business, four players being put out by him from finely taken balls. Hunt made one good bound catch, and McMahon was attentive to every ball that could possibly be got at.

Burns pitched very carefully and in an effective manner; Wansley caught in tip top style, and Bogart did good service at 3d base. On the part of the Eckfords, Beach put out no less than eight players, playing behind in his best style. The balls that passed him were bounding balls, the ground being exceedingly lively. Mills pitched admirably, no less than seven of the fouls on which players went out, being off his pitching, the other three being off Grum, who was not well enough to pitch through the game. Campbell made one fly catch in a very dexterous manner, two players being put out from it. Wood and Reach also played well at 2d and 3d, and Devyr and McKinstry fielded very well, Devyr taking three fly balls and McKinstry one, in good style. Manolt made two good fly catches, but he was not quite up to his work. Grum did good service at right field, taking one fly ball prettily. Of the decisions of the Umpire, all but one were thoroughly sound, we thought, and every decision was characterised by his usual impartiality. The exception we allude to, was the mistake he made in giving Hunt in, in the 6th innings of the Mutuals. Hunt had run on his strike to 2d base, and though he ran over the 1st base he did not touch it. Now section 14 of the rules of the game says that the striker is out "if a fair ball be struck, and it is held by an adversary on the 1st base, before the striker touches it." There is no mistaking this rule whatever; it is perfectly plain, and we were surprised that P. O'Brien, who is usually so correct, forgot it as he did. The result of this match will add interest to the next, which is to take place on the Union grounds after the return of the Mutuals from Philadelphia. The score:—

BATTING.

ECKFORD.	H. L.	RUNS.	MUTUAL.	H. L.	RUNS.
Mills, 3d b	1	6	Brown, 2d b	3	3
Manolt, l f	5	2	Bogart, 3d b	2	3
Campbell, 1st b	4	3	Taylor, r f	4	1
Grum, p	2	5	Ward, 1st b	3	3
Beach, c	3	3	Wansley, c	3	3
Wood, 2d b	1	5	Hunt, s s	3	3
Reach, s s	3	1	McMahon, l f	1	5
Devyr, r f	5	0	Harris, c f	4	2
McKinstry, c f	3	3	Burns, p	4	1
Total		28	Total		24

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Eckford	5	4	0	3	1	4	3	5	3—28
Mutual	9	2	1	2	0	6	2	0	2—24

FIELDING.

	Fly.	B'nd.	Base.	Total.		Fly.	B'nd.	Base.	Total.
Mills	1	0	2	3	Brown	2	1	3	6
Manolt	2	0	0	2	Bogart	0	0	0	0
Campbell	1	1	0	2	Taylor	2	1	0	3
Grum	1	0	0	1	Ward	1	0	7	8
Beach	2	6	0	8	Wansley	0	0	0	0
Wood	0	1	0	1	Hunt	1	1	0	2
Reach	0	1	1	2	McMahon	1	1	0	2
Devyr	3	2	0	5	Harris	3	1	0	4
McKinstry	1	2	0	3	Burns	1	0	0	1
Total	11	13	3	27	Total	11	5	10	26

HOW PUT OUT.

	Fly	Bd	Base 1st	Base 2d	Base 3d	Foul		Fly	B'd	Base 1st	Base 2d	Base 3d	Foul
Mills	1	0	0	0	0	0	Brown	1	1	0	0	0	1
Manolt	1	2	2	0	0	0	Bogart	1	0	0	0	0	1
Campbell	0	0	1	2	0	0	Taylor	1	1	1	0	0	1
Grum	1	1	0	0	0	0	Ward	2	0	0	0	0	1
Beach	1	0	2	0	0	0	Wansley	0	2	0	0	0	1
Wood	1	0	0	0	0	0	Hunt	1	0	0	0	1	1
Reach	1	0	2	0	0	0	McMahon	1	0	0	0	0	0
Devyr	3	2	0	0	0	0	Harris	2	0	0	0	0	1
McKinstry	2	0	0	1	0	0	Burns	0	2	0	0	0	3
Totals	11	5	7	3	0	0	Totals	9	5	1	0	1	10

Passed balls—Beach, 12; Wansley, 10.
Home runs—Wansley, 1; Bogart, 1; McMahon, 2; Manolt, 2.
Struck out—Campbell, 1.
Fly catches missed—Taylor, 1; Burns, 1; Mills, 1; Manolt, 1; Grum, 1; Beach, 2.
Bound catches missed—Wansley, 1; Hunt, 1.
Put out at home base—Harris by Mills.
Times left on bases—Beach, 1; Wood, 1; Reach, 2; Devyr, 1; Bogart, 1; Taylor, 1; Ward, 1.
Time of game—Three hours and thirty minutes.
Umpire—P. O'Brien, of the Atlantic club.
Scorers—Messrs. Smith and Foos.

GOTHAM VS. CHARTER OAK.—The first contest between these clubs this season, took place on the neutral grounds of the Knickerbocker club, on Thursday, Aug. 7th, it being a single game, resulting in a creditable victory for the Gothams, who by this means have added a Brooklyn ball to their case, to place alongside the one from the Mutuals, neither being easily attainable by New-York clubs.

The Gothams, on this occasion, were anything but in the condition they were in their contest with the Mutuals, as they were minus the valuable services of McKeever, Wadsworth, and Saunders. Their places, however, were well filled by Thorn and La Tourette as pitcher and 1st base, Forsyth being a substitute for Saunders. The Charters came on the ground promptly to time, and had one of their best teams on hand, and this fact and the short-handedness, if we may so express it, of the Gothams, led the latter to anticipate defeat. But the fates forbade it, the Gothamites being on their good luck as well as their good play this season. The game opened rather tamely, few balls being hit inside the in-field, the score at the close of the first innings being blanks on both sides, and at the termination of the 3d the Gothams had only scored 5 runs and the Charter Oaks 2. The game afterwards went on very evenly, the balance of the innings yielding the Gothams 12 runs, and the Charter Oaks 11, neither party scoring runs in the last innings. The Gothams did not make a single change in their innings, but the Charter Oaks did, putting Patchen behind in the 7th innings, and Cline in the field. Fuller, who began as short fielder, was obliged to retire in the third innings, having injured himself severely by a fall while running home. Oswald took his place in the nine, and Piper his position in the field, Oswald going to right field. Of those who did good service in the field, we have to speak of J. Vanderhoef, Shields, Patchen, Randolph, Fish, and Clyne in their respective positions on the part of the Charter Oaks; and of Cohen, Squires, La Tourette, Thorn, Turner, and Van Cott of the Gothams. Cohen's fine play as catcher elicited frequent applause, and Squires was especially serviceable at short field. The ground was in very poor condition, indeed, and it did not speak well for the attention the Knickerbocker club devotes to such matters. The score:—

BATTING.

GOTHAM.	H.L.	RUNS.	CHERTER OAK.	H.L.	RUNS.
Thom, p	3	3	Vanderhoef, c f	3	2
La Tourette, 1st b	3	2	Randolph, 2d b	4	1
Squires, s s	0	3	Clyne, c	3	2
Forsyth, c f	3	1	Piper, s s	4	1
Burtis, l f	2	3	Fish, 3d b	3	1
Schafer, r f	4	1	J. Vanderhoef, 1st b	2	2
Cohen, c	4	1	Oswald, r f	2	1
Van Cott, 3d b	4	2	Patchen, l f	3	2
Turner, 2d b	4	1	Shields, p	3	1
Total		17	Total		13

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Gotham	0	2	3	3	2	4	3	0	0—17
Charter Oak	0	0	2	5	2	0	0	4	0—13

Passed Balls—Cohen, 2; Clyne, 14; Patchen, 2.
Home runs—Burtis, 1; Turner, 1.
Fly Catches Missed—Patchen, 2; Clyne, 1; Burtis, 1; La Tourette, 1.
Bound Catches Missed—T. Vanderhoef, 2; Shields, 1; Burtis, 1.
Fly Catches Made—Cohen, 3; Squires, 1; Clyne, 2; J. Vanderhoef, 3; Patchen, 2; Randolph, 1.
Times left on bases—Squires, 2; Forsyth, 1; Vanderhoef, 1; Oswald, 2; J. Vanderhoef, 1; Shields, 1.
Time of Game—Two hours and twenty minutes.
Put out on foul balls—Gothams, 6 times; Charter Oaks, 4 times.
Umpire—Mr. McMahon, of the Mutual Club.
Scorers—Messrs. Duval and Redmond.

HENRY ECKFORD VS EMPIRE.—The first match this season between these clubs, came off at Hoboken on August 6th, the result being a victory for the H. Eckfords by a score of 51 to 30. Neither club was fully represented by their best players, and the Empires suffered from being out of practice. The fielding was marked on both sides by good play in two or three positions, and bad in the others. In batting, however, both parties did well, the Henry Eckfords especially. The pitching of Dr. Bell was very good on the part of the H. Eckfords, and so was the catching of T. Dalton, and the 1st base play of his brother. Umpleby at 3d base, played well. Snow, at 2d, was not in condition to play at all. Withey and Foster were active at right and centre field, and here our eulogy ceases. On the Empire side Loper played better at 3d than we ever saw him before. He made several very fine stops and good throws, and Sebring played well at 1st base, as did Miller at 2d, where he made a good fly catch. Russell did good service behind, and made a good bound catch while pitching. In batting, on the part of the H. Eckfords, Dr. Bell was very efficient, getting 7 runs, one a home run, by splendid hits. Snow also batted fine ground balls for his score of 7, and Stillwagen and Saunders marked their scores with home runs by good batting. On the part of the Empires, Russell led the score, Culyer and Sebring being next. Miller got a home run from a fine hit, and Spielman batted well, though he did not score much. Mr. Burtis discharged the duties of Umpire in an efficient and impartial manner, and the game was played in a right good spirit throughout, the Empires taking their defeat with good humor. The score tells the remainder of the story:—

BATTING.

EMPIRE.	H. L.	RUNS.	HENRY ECKFORD.	H. L.	RUNS.
Miller, 2d b	5	3	H. Dalton, 1st b	4	7
Loper, 3d b	3	3	Snow, 2d b	3	7
Russell, c	3	5	Dr. Bell, p	1	7
Sebring, 1st b	2	4	Withey, c f	3	5
Culyer, l f	2	5	Umpleby, 3d b	4	5
Bird, r f	3	3	Stillwagen, s s	4	4
Benson, s s	3	4	Saunders, l f	4	5
Bowman, p	4	2	T. Dalton, c	2	5
Spielman, c f	4	1	Foster, r f	2	6
Total		30	Total		51

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Empire	3	0	3	2	6	0	8	2	6—30
Henry Eckford	4	8	0	11	6	2	12	7	1—51

Passed balls—T Dalton, 6; Russell, 3; Miller, 6.
Home runs—Dr Bell, 1; Stillwagen, 1; Saunders, 1; Miller, 1.
Struck out—Bird, 1.
Fly catches missed—Snow, 3; Benson, 1; Bowman, 1; Sebring, 1; Spielman, 1.
Bound catches missed—Saunders, 2; Miller, 1; Loper, 1; Benson, 1; Culyer, 2.
Left on bases—Dr Bell, 1; Withey, 1; T. Dalton, 2; Foster, 1; Russell, 1; Sebring, 1; Bowman, 1; Spielman, 2.
Put out at home base—Miller, by Dr Bell; Withey, Saunders, and Stillwagen, by Miller.
Fly catches made—Culyer, 1; Miller, 1; Bowman, 1; Spielman, 1; T Dalton, 2; Dr Bell, 2; Saunders, 1; Stillwagen, 1; Withey, 1; Foster, 1.
Time of game—3 hours and 15 minutes.
Put out on foul balls—Empires, 6 times; Henry Eckfords, 3 times.
Umpire—Mr. Burtis, of the Gotham club.
Scorers—Messrs. Kenard and Holt.

BASE BALL IN CAMP.—A very interesting game of base ball came off at the Head Quarters of the 11th Regiment, N. Y. S. M., Tenallytown, Md., on the 5th inst., between two nines of Co. D, selected by Geo. Buchanan and Wm. Sullivan. The playing was very sharp, and considerable interest was manifested as to the result. The following is the score:

BATTING.

BUCHANAN'S SIDE.	H. L.	RUNS.	SULLIVAN'S SIDE.	H. L.	RUNS.
Buchanan, c	0	4	Sullivan, p	2	5
Hollis, p	2	3	Dezendurf, c	2	5
May, 2d b	4	2	Wilson, 1st b	2	4
Fitzmaurice, c f	3	3	Wright, s s	2	4
Ray, 1st b	1	4	Crawford, 3d b	2	3
Taggart, 3d b	2	4	Buchanan, c f	3	3
Barnett, r f	6	0	Kinsey, 2d b	6	1
Bedell, s s	3	2	Hicks, r f	6	1
Bruce, l f	6	1	Miller, l f	2	4
Total		23	Total		30

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Buchanan's Side	2	4	0	4	7	2	0	0	4—23
Sullivan's Side	2	0	0	6	6	5	5	5	1—30

Scorer—John Heckler. Umpire—James Worden.

BASE BALL AT UTICA, N. Y.—An interesting base ball match took place there on the 8th inst., between the Utica and Washington clubs, of which the following is the score:—

BATTING.

UTICA.	H. L.	RUNS.	WASHINGTON.	H. L.	RUNS.
McIntosh, l f	3	3	Crombie, l f	2	3
Harding, 1st b	1	4	Benedict, s s	3	2
Callender, c	3	2	McIlvaine, r f	3	1
Murdock, s s	5	2	Kelly, c f	4	0
Mosher, 3d b	3	2	Campbell, 1st b	2	2
L M Thompson, p	3	2	Alling, p	3	2
Potter, 2d b	3	2	Gould, 2d b	3	2
M G Thompson	3	2	Fox, 3d b	3	2
McQuade	3	2	Porter, c	4	1
Total		21	Total		15

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Utica	0	0	0	0	4	3	3	1	10—21
Washington	1	0	0	0	4	1	2	5	2—15

Scorers—for Washington, of Rochester, E. A. Shepardson; for Utica, W. J. Doolittle.
Umpire—E. R. White, of Canastota.

ANOTHER BASE BALL MATCH IN CAMP.—The return match between nine of the 71st Regt. and the National Club, of Washington, took place at Tennallytown, August 8. During last summer, the regiment, being then stationed in Washington, challenged the Nationals to a friendly game; the challenge was accepted, and a signal victory for the New-Yorkers was the result. The regiment being in the vicinity of the national capital, offered to give their opponents a chance of wresting the chaplet of fame from them, and placing it upon their own brows, which they did after a hard and well-contested struggle. The credit of getting up the match is mainly due to Mr. Geo. W. Moore, of Co. D., an old member of the Atlantics; and he is also entitled to praise for the manner in which he filled the position of umpire. There was a goodly number of spectators present, and a great degree of interst was manifested as to the result. The play on the part of the Nationals was superb, especially that of Messrs. Kinney, Walden, G. Hibbs, and Pope. Home runs were made by Walden, Hibbs, and Pope; Kinny made a splendid home run, but was ruled out, he forgetting to touch the home base. On the part of the "soger boys," fine play was shown by Messrs. Openshaw, Meschutt, Coombs, McCauley, and Hudson. Inslee and Dallen also did well. From the start, the star of the Nationals was in the ascendant. The pitching of Hibbs seemed to nonplus the Yorkers not a little. In the 6th innings, the 71st made a change, Meschutt taking Hudson's place, and from that time there was a slight improvement on the part of the Northmen. At the end of the 8th innings, things looked chequered for the 71st; but they still seemed determined to do something for the honor of old Manhattan, and after one of the hardest contested innings in the game, succeed in scoring 5, including a magnificent home run by Openshaw; while the Washington boys went out for 1. Taking it all together, the playing was good on both sides. The Nationals are a credit to Washington, and would give some of the New-York clubs a pretty good shake. After the game, a splendid collation was partaken of, and toasts and speeches were the order of the day for some time. The Nationals seemed delighted at their reception, and are anxious to give their gallant opponents another chance. It is understood that another game will take place in a week or two. The following is the score:—

BATTING.

SEVENTY-FIRST REG'T.	H. L.	RUNS.	NATIONAL.	H. L.	RUNS.
D C Hudson, p	5	2	Walden, s s	3	4
Capt Meschutt, 3d b	3	2	Kinney, c	2	3
Wm Dallen, 2d b	3	1	G Hibbs, p	3	4
S Coombs, c	2	1	Williams, 2d b	4	2
J Openshaw, r f	2	3	Gorman, 3d b	2	3
S McCauley, 1st b	3	2	E Hibbs, 1st b	6	1
J Madden, c f	5	0	Pope, r f	3	3
J Gardner, l f	4	0	Parker, l f	2	4
H Inslee, s s	2	2	Campbell, c f	2	4
Total		13	Total		28

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Seventy-first Reg't	0	2	2	0	1	1	2	0	5—13
National	0	4	1	4	5	2	3	8	1—28

Scorer—Geo. D. Wolcott, of Co. D.
Umpire—Geo. W. Moore, of Co. D.

BASE BALL CONVENTION.—On Friday, July 25th, delegates from the several base ball clubs in Steuben county, N. Y., met at the Dickinson House, in Corning, to arrange matters for a grand tournament. The convention organized at 12 o'clock by electing C. H. Thompson chairman, and F. B. Brown secretary. The following named gentlemen were reported:—

Meteor—Addison—J. Curtis, A. Wambough, D. Hurlburt, H. S. Jones, and R. Griswold.
Canacadea—Hornellsville—W. Coburn, M. E. Brown, J. W. Burnham.
Tuscarora—Geo. W. Carr, Chas. W. Robinson.
Jasper Rangers—A. B. Craig.
Creighton—Bath—C. F. Kingsley, W. H. Shepard.
Bradford—C. W. Strait.
Kohokton—Painted Post—W. S. Hodgman, C. S. Cole, W. D. Farwell.
Monitor—Corning—C. H. Thomson, J. L. Brown, F. B. Brown, W. J. Belding.

On motion the convention adjourned to 1½ o'clock for dinner.

Afternoon Session.—Assembled at the apointed time, and after a desultory discussion of some time, it was

Resolved, That the time for the Tournament be set for the 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th of September next.

On motion, a committee of one from each club was selected to present a programme to the convention. J. Curtis, J. W. Burnham, Geo. W. Carr, A. B. Craig, C. W. Strait, and C. H. Thomson were selected as such committee, who reported as follows:

First Day.—1st game by Meteor against Tuscarora. 2d game by Canacedea against Creighton. 3d, Monitor against Kohocton.

Second Day.—4th, Jasper against Bradford. 5th, Woodhull against winner of 4th game. 6th, Winner of 1st against winner of 2d.

Third Day.—7th, Loser of 1st against loser of 2d. 8th, loser of 3d against loser of 4th. 9th, winner of 3d against Woodhull.

Fourth Day.—A match to be played by the two best clubs, to be selected by a committee of one from each club, chosen by their respective clubs, for the championship of the county. Said committee to make such changes in the above programme, as may be found necessary, in consequence of the presence of other clubs, or the absence of either of the above clubs.

The report of the committee was unanimously adopted.

On motion, the Meteor club was requested to use their own judgment in the selection of prizes to be awarded.

On motion, the papers of the county were requested to publish these proceedings.

C. H. THOMSON, Chairman.
F. B. BROWN, Sec'y.

CRICKET.

CRICKET, ARCHERY, BASE BALL, and other Games. Implements for the above, such as BALLS, BATS, WICKETS, BASES, BOWS and ARROWS, TARGETS, BELTS, &c.; as well as Chessmen, Chequers, Bagatelles, Tivolis, Playing Cards, Dominoes, Dice and Cups, and a great variety of social games—constantly a good supply—on hand and for sale at moderate prices. ☞ Catalogues and prices can be had on application. A fair discount to dealers. C. F. A. HINRICHS,
6-3m 150 Broadway (up stairs), N. Y.

EAST NEW YORK VS. ST. GEORGE.—For several seasons past, the East New York have striven hard to obtain a victory over the St. George Club, and once or twice they have been nearly successful. Good luck, though, has been on the side of the St. George players on those close occasions, and they have come off the victors in every contest. This was the case in the match played between them on Tuesday, Aug. 5th, at Hoboken. The East New Yorkers never presented a better team than on Tuesday, the 5th, and never had their opponents at greater disadvantage, and yet, with a victory almost in their grasp, they were defeated, and that too, for the want of four runs only, to obtain which they had as many wickets. The St. George went to the bat first, and at 11.40, sent in Waller and P. Robinson to the bowling of Marsh and Dr. Andrews. For the first few overs nothing was done in the way of run getting, but Robinson was very prettily caught off Andrews by J. Stokes at leg, with one hand, after running in well for the ball. Creighton took Robinson's place, and he and Waller began to play well together, Waller getting slips off Marsh and Andrews, and Creighton drives, and good off hits. He also played forward for singles in good style, and defended his wicket from Marsh very creditably, Marsh bowling well on the wicket in this match. After half an hour's good play together, and bringing up the score to 30, Waller and Creighton were parted, Marsh getting in on Waller's leg stump, his score being 11, all but a slip for 3, being singles. Walker took his place, but the first ball from Marsh knocked him out of time, and he retired in favor of Frank Van Buren, the 3d wicket falling for 31. Frank began play with a very pretty cut for a single off Marsh, but a bailer from Andrews cut short his career, and he gave place to Kendall. The latter also was not long in before he popped up one at point, which Marsh attended to, Kendall's wicket, the 5th, falling for 31. This was doing well, at least so thought the E. N. Y. party, and their stock took a rise in the market. Gibbes was next, and "now for it" was the remark of one of the fielders, as the noted batsman came to the wicket, and "now for it" it was, for he began by cutting a ball off for 3, in his usual style, from Andrews, and this being followed up by a fine drive for 4 by Creighton, put St. George stock on the rise at once. Seven runs at the first dash, however, materially affected Gibbes, and the result was that he failed to defend his stumps in his usual masterly manner from a splendid ball of Marsh's, and so had to retire, "little Georgy Wright" being his successor. Six wickets were now down for 38 runs, among them, two, if not more, of the best of the eleven, and the East New York gents thereupon became greatly elated, and began to take mental views of that St. George ball in their case. But the innings was not ended yet, and Creighton was still in and doing well; and Geo. Wright, though a mere youth, was not a tyro in batting, by any means. These two played well together for ten minutes, after which Marsh took Creighton's middle stump, his share of the score being 15, a fine drive for 4, a neat draw for 3, a two, and singles being its make-up, his wicket, the 7th, falling for 42. Burnett followed, and began his defence against Marsh, by keeping his bat immovable in front of his wicket, a safe thing to do if the balls shoot, but not for short pitches and bailers. Burnett got 4 from a fine cut off Andrews, when it was deemed advisable to put Cuyp on. During all this, Geo. Wright had made 10, including a 4 drive off Marsh, whose balls he played in the most skilful manner. Indeed, Marsh found him to be the most troublesome customer to deal with of the whole eleven. It was not long, however, before George gave a chance off Cuyp, but no one was just then near enough. After he had scored 14, however, he popped one into Hoagland's hands, off Marsh, but he failed to hold it; and again, after George had scored 19, he gave Hudson a fine chance for a catch at square leg off Marsh, but Hudson dropped the ball after grasping it. This was an important miss, for George was damaging the chances of the East New Yorkers very materially, his wicket being well defended, good hits being made, and good judgment displayed by him in making runs. Cuyp got in a ball on the bails of Burnett's wicket after he had scored a well-made 9, nearly all by good cuts, the 9th wicket falling for 75; quite a change from 31, where it stood when George came on. Ford was next, but a shooter from Marsh sent him back to the shady club house very soon, La Montaigne being the last man. He had added four singles to the score, when Andrews, taking Cuyp's place in bowling, found a way into George's wicket, thus closing the innings, George's score being 32, the best score of the match, marked by two fours—a drive and leg hit—four fine leg hits for 3 each, 2 twos and singles. The score off the bat was 75, the extras being 18, the seven byes being from three balls which Morris let pass him. He had no cricket shoes on, and that marred his efficiency. North attended to the wicket well, and Marsh made several good stops at point, at one end, and Hoagland at the other; the fielding of the remainder was also better than usual, except in the fly catching business.

At 1:30 the East New Yorkers sent in Hudson and Morris to the bowling of Gibbes and Waller. We confess to a little surprise at the latter going on to bowl in the beginning of the game, when such superior bowlers were on hand as Creighton and G. Wright, but he did, much to the delight of the East New York gents, who rather liked his style, as he gave so many chances for hits. Gibbes began the bowling, and the ground being lively, his balls told with effect, Hudson especially finding them very troublesome to attend to. Indeed, the last ball of the first over was nearly sending Hudson home with a round figure, for it forced him to give a chance to Burnett, at long stop. Burnett was not active enough, however, for though he reached the ball, he failed to hold it, and saved his life. A proper disposition of the field would have led to there being some one in readiness for another such a chance, and it was given, but no one was there to receive it. Morris had played carefully; too much so, we thought, to Waller's bowling, and had scored a single, and Hudson had added 14, in which a truly splendid drive for 5 off Waller was very prominent, when Morris, hitting at a leg ball, struck it with the back of his bat, and it fell into Creighton's hands at slip, the first wicket falling for 15. North then came in, and led off with a fine drive for 4 off Waller, after which dinner was announced, and playing with knives and forks became the order for the time being. After dinner, matters progressed favorably for the score of the East New Yorkers, and 33 runs were placed on the score book before the 2d wicket fell. North was the second victim, and he was killed off in the following manner:—Creighton had been put on to bowl, and Robinson had been taken from wicket keeping, which he was doing very well indeed, to assist Burnett in long stopping. North seeing a ball go by Burnett, ran for the bye; Stokes, however, instead of looking ahead as he should have been doing, was watching the ball, and seeing that there was no time for him to get up to the wicket, refused to sacrifice himself for North, and stood his ground, just as North had himself done in a similar case a few overs before; the result was that North was run out, the third wicket falling for 39. This was unlucky, as North was apparently well in for a good score, and it was wanted bad enough. Before this, Hudson had given a fine chance for a catch to La Montaigne at square leg, but he dropped it, much to the former's delight. When this happened, Hudson had scored 16, and after he had made 25, Gibbes missed him at point off Creighton, so that he had three good lives in his score of 27, which were not made in his usual fine style.

Lester followed Hudson, but he had only scored two singles, when he allowed one of Waller's slow balls to roll in on his wicket from his legs. Previously, however, Hudson retired from having popped a sharp one in to Walker's hands at point, which he held well, the 4th wicket falling for 56, Hudson's score being marked with a 5, a 3, 5 twos and singles. Stokes followed Lester, and soon began to make good play with the bat, but he was missed at point by Waller after getting 15, and again by Ford after scoring 20, so that there was no lack of chances offered. Hoagland and Bedford were badly run out, the former from a misjudged run, and the latter from delaying too long at his wicket. Bull was well bowled by Gibbes, and Andrews neatly caught at slip, Cuyp carrying his bat out, one run being the result of the efforts of these four players. Marsh got off a fine leg hit for 3, and 3 singles, before he succumbed to Gibbes, his wicket, the 6th, falling for 90 runs, within 3 of the score of the St. George eleven. Bedford went in to get these 3, but was disposed of as above. Bull then tried his hand, but he only added one. Andrews next came to the rescue and failed. Cuyp was the last, and went in to take the last ball from Gibbes, and blocked it. Stokes now faced Waller, and the game became decidedly interesting, especially to Stokes, as, if he could make 3, he would win the game, and stand a chance to head Hudson's score. Waller gave him a fine chance to leg, but being too anxious, Stokes popped it up, and it dropped easily into Ford's hands, the last wicket falling for 91, within two only of the score of their opponents, thus making a close thing of it, although leaving their ball with the St. George as a token of victory, notwithstanding the golden opportunity they had of having things in the reverse order, for it was a guinea to a goose egg in their favor, and four runs for four wickets ought to have been a sure thing. But such is cricket. See the score:—

ST. GEORGE.		EAST NEW YORK.	
Waller b Marsh	11	Hudson c Waller b Gibbes	27
Robinson c Stokes b Andrews	0	Morris c Creighton b Gibbes	1
Creighton b Marsh	15	North run out	16
Walker b Marsh	0	Lester b Waller	2
Vanburen b Andrews	1	Stokes c Ford	24
Kendall c Marsh b Andrews	0	Hoagland run out	0
Gibbes b Marsh	3	Marsh b Gibbes	6
Wright b Andrews	32	Bedford run out	0
Burnett b Cuyp	9	Bull b Gibbes	1
Ford b Marsh	0	Andrews c Creighton b Gibbes	0
La Montaigne not out	4	Cuyp not out	0
Byes 7, leg byes 4, wides 7	18	Byes 10, leg byes 4	14
Total	93	Total	91

ANALYSIS OF BOWLING.

ST. GEORGE.	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Wides.
Gibbes	96	26	5	5	0
Waller	80	38	3	2	0
Creighton	42	2	5	0	0
Wright	30	11	1	0	0
EAST NEW YORK.					
Andrews	60	27	0	4	3
Marsh	96	31	5	5	2
Cuyp	37	17	1	1	2

Umpires—Messrs. H. Wright and Hammond.
Scorers—Messrs. Vanderlip and Reid.

MECHANICS VS CHIPPEWA.—The return match between the Mechanics and Chippewa cricket clubs, was played on Tuesday, the 5th, on the Mechanics ground at Camden, N. J., the Mechanics coming out victors after a well contested game of one innings. The score:—

MECHANICS.		CHIPPEWA.	
Holland c Pratt b Barlow	5	Lewis b Senior	3
Jarvis b Pratt	7	Malone run out	3
Robinson b Pratt	2	Pratt l b w b Jarvis	22
Senior b T Davis	18	Barlow b Stevens	1
Firth c Maybin b T Davis	9	J Davis b Holland	14
Stevens c Malone b T Davis	14	Wallace c Stevens b Jarvis	1
Gadsby c Malone b Pratt	5	T Davis not out	15
Warburton run out	8	Welch b Holland	2
Lees b Pratt	4	Barry b Senior	5
Davy not out	4	Whelan b Senior	5
Rhodes c and b T Davis	2	Maybin b Senior	0
Byes 7, leg bye 1, wides 11	19	Byes 6, leg byes 2, wides 11	19
Total	97	Total	90

CRICKET AT UTICA, N. Y.—A match came off there on the 29th ult., under the weather, the rain putting a stop thereto before it was played out. The result of the first innings therefore decided it. The score:—

UTICA.		AMSTERDAM.	
French b Jackson	2	Fagan ht wkt b French	0
J Adams b Nevens	0	Howe run out	3
W Adams b Nevens	0	Brooks b French	0
Ralph c Cawsmire b Nevens	0	Warnick b French	0
Calverly b Jackson	1	Jackson l b w b French	3
Paddon b Jackson	2	Nevens b J Adams	4
Davis b Nevens	0	Neff c Simmonds b French	1
Foster not out	4	Grimshaw run out	2
Simmonds b Nevens	7	Cawsmire c W Adams b French	0
Dobson b Nevens	6	Toppings not out	0
Gibbs b Nevens	0	Wide	1
Byes 16, wides 8	24		
Total	46	Total	14

In Utica's second innings, two wickets fell for four runs, three of which were byes, A. Dobson c Jackson b Nevens 1; and B. Foster b Nevens 0. Messrs. Henry Stevenson and Thomas Wickens were the umpires.

BELLEVILLE VS. OSWEGO.—The return match between the clubs of Belleville, C. W., and Oswego, N. Y., took place last week, (precise date not stated by our correspondent,) at Oswego. The bowling on both sides was remarkably good, and the play throughout, much superior to any ever seen in Oswego. The score is certainly small, but that in a great measure was owing to the ground not being in the best order. In the Oswego Eleven were five Americans, and from the very short period the club has been established, this being the third season, they have made wonderful progress, and with regard to Holley, he is believed to be the best American player in the United States. He and Hampshire have an invitation to play this week against the St. George's Club of New York so we are informed. The following is the score:—

OSWEGO.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
John Stevenson c Henry	2	c Despard	1
Jas Hand b Despard	2	b Mills	3
Bailey b Despard	12	b Mills	0
M Holley c Benjamin	3	b Despard	9
C Hampshire c Ridley	9	not out	7
H Stevenson not out	34	b Despard	4
J Rice b Despard	2	b Despard	3
Roberts b Despard	6	b Mills	0
S Stevens l b w	0	b Mills	0
G Dodge c Benjamin	2	b Miller	1
J H Mattoon b Menzier	8	stumped out	0
Byes 11, leg byes 3, wides 3	17	Byes 2, wides 2	4
Total	97	Total	32

BELLEVILLE.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
F A Despard b Hampshire	20	hit wicket	1
Wm Mills b Holley	7	b Holley	3
Parish b Holley	4	c Holley	1
Wm Despard c Stevens	0	b H Stevenson	3
Crabtree b Holley	1	b H Stevenson	13
Benjamin l b w	3	c Holley	10
Demense b H Stevenson	1	b H Stevenson	5
Menzier b H Stevenson	8	b H Stevenson	0
Ridley b Holley	3	c H Stevenson	1
Henry b H Stevens	0	run out	1
Scott not out	1	not out	1
Byes 22, wides 3, no ball 1	26	Byes	3
Total	75	Total	42

Umpires—Messrs. Leng and Reeves.

At a dinner and convivial meeting in the evening, the health of her majesty Queen Victoria was then given as a toast by Mr. Mattoon, which was drank by all present, followed by "God Save the Queen," from the Mechanics' Saxe Horn Band. One of the gentlemen from Belleville then proposed the health of the President of the United States, which was drank with equal ardor, the band discoursing the "Star Spangled Banner." Ira D. Brown, of the Oswego *Times*, was called on to respond to the last toast. In doing so, he took occasion to refer to the desire of the North to preserve the peace with their friends across the lake, and to rebuke those who sought to create distrust and alienation. He gave as a sentiment, "These cricket balls; may they be the only balls ever interchanged by the people of Canada and the States." The toast was drank amid much applause and genuine good feeling. After a song or two from gentlemen present, Mr. Despard, of Belleville, made a short speech, urging particularly the advantages of cricket as a means of increasing the physical health and vigor of the people. He thought it ought to be the national game of the Americans, as it was already of the English, for among good cricketers could always be found good soldiers.

The festivities of the evening were interrupted by the fact that the Belleville cricketers had to take their departure in the boat at eleven o'clock. They left expressing themselves well pleased with the treatment they had received.

SPORTS! SPORTS!
EXERCISE! EXERCISE! EXERCISE!
NEW YORK CLIPPER,
THE RECOGNIZED
SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL OF AMERICA,
AND ADVOCATE OF
PHYSICAL AND MENTAL RECREATIONS FOR THE PEOPLE.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS,
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FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor,
No. 29 Ann street, New York.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1862.

ROWING GOSSIP.

We hope that the great rowing contest between Joshua Ward and James Hamill, which is to come off this week on the Schuylkill river, at Philadelphia, will be the means of reviving the proper spirit and life in all who are in any way connected with the glorious and ennobling pastime of rowing. We still have remaining to us, August, September, and October; constituting the finest and most appropriate portion of the year for the indulgence of boating pleasures. We look with confidence to our regatta clubs, and our numerous amateur boating organizations, to so improve the season of 1862 as to make it a memorable one in American aquatic annals. "A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together," and this resolve will certainly become a fixed fact.

The record, even thus early in the season, is far from being a poor one; and some well-arranged regattas for the months we have named, will make a brilliant finish to it. The regattas which came off on the Fourth of July, at Boston, Portland, Hudson, Ogdensburgh, etc., etc., were witnessed by thousands of delighted spectators; and in each of those places they formed, by long odds, the most important and gratifying feature of the day's festivities. This illustrates the fact, that there is nothing in the shape of out-door sport to which the American will yield so ready and spontaneous a homage, as to the picturesque recreation of rowing.

In seasons past, we had some superior rowing sport at Staten Island. We allude to that period when the Richmond County Regatta Club gave those beautiful boat races in which New York City, Newburgh and Poughkeepsie oarsmen contested in generous rivalry, and by their unequalled displays of good time, and good oarsmanship, practically illustrated *why* the glorious Empire State held the championship of the waters. The good old Knickerbocker State holds it yet; and as one of her humble representatives, we deem it no boast to predict that she can proudly retain her laurels, in this respect, for many a coming year.

But to return to the boys of the Richmond County club. In those days our friend Tom Burns, of "Nautilus Hall," was in his glory; and to him, more than any dozen members of the club, are we indebted for those aquatic sports which made the waters of the bay almost "dance with life and joy." A lover and promoter of rowing from his very youth—from the days when the invincible Whitehallers "ruled the main," he is always ready to devote his time, means and experience, to advance the "good cause."

The New York Regatta Club formerly offered us some good Fourth of July Regattas, off the Battery; our City Councils assisting them by making generous appropriations for the prizes. We regret to observe that our "City Fathers," with a strange lack of wisdom, have ceased to offer any encouragement to our boatmen. Of the $8,000 which was expended upon our last Fourth of July celebration, surely a small portion might judiciously have been invested in regatta purposes. Charley McCay was the President of the "N. Y. R. C.," and when he undertook anything in the way of a boat race, it was certain to pass off with flying colors; especially when he was aided by that good fellow and veteran oarsman, Jim Lee. The four-oared shell "Charles McCay," was one of New York's "representative" clippers; and when the "Battery Boys" manned her, she used to "walk the waters like a thing of life."

The Empire City Regatta Club is still in a flourishing condition, and their gala-day of this year, will be their ninth annual regatta. They were organized when boating was sadly on the wane in our City and State; and to them are we indebted for those beautiful displays upon the Harlem, which makes the true boatman happy and joyous. War's alarms, financial distress, and panics, have failed to cripple the indomitable Empire boys; for when *they* set the aquatic ball in motion, it's bound to roll! Steve Roberts, whose name is honorably identified with New York oarsmanship, for more than thirty years, is still at the head of the Empires. If space permitted, it would be a gratification for us to revive some of the many rowing reminiscences connected with Steve's aquatic career. To tell, for instance, of the exploits of the good four-oared boat "Brooklyn," which was manned by him and his three brothers; the latter, good men and true; now, alas! numbered with the dead. The saucy "Brooklyn" was, in her day, open for any four-oared craft in Uncle Sam's dominions. We would also like to have our "say" about his repeated and sharp single scull contests with Sid. Dorlan—together with his rowing in Boston, on the placid Charles.

The Empire City Regatta Club is also fortunate in having for its Vice President, Chris. Thoms, who has always been one of Gotham's most ardent and enthusiastic boating disciples. Chris's boats are known all over the land; and, in addition to building a good boat, he can take a "hand in," and pull one as well. But, a truce to the club and its whole-souled officers and members. Honoring the organization for the good which it has done, and is constantly performing, our eulogy, if not curbed, would soon grow from paragraphs into columns. So, with "oars speak," we doff our tarpaulin to the Harlem River blue jackets.

A word with our amateur boat clubs ere we cease "boat talk." What is the matter with the Atalanta, Waverly, Gulick, Atlantic, Aurora, Osceola, Niantic, Neptune, and other clubs? Are they not going to give us a repetition of the regatta festival, which passed off so creditably in 1860? That occasion was certainly a proud one for the young men constituting the clubs we have named, and the *elite* of New York society attended by hundreds, to witness the gallant spectacle. The writer felt proud upon that day, especially when he saw the time-honored Atalantas, with whom he had "tugged at the oar" during a long apprenticeship, before he could "feather" well enough to pull in the gay "Volante," their four-oared gut-rigger, win both the six and four oared races—and make a "tie" of the shell boat race. Indeed, did we feel proud—aye, more than proud; and no one's hat was tossed higher in the air, and no cheers were more fervently uttered for the "bold Atalantas," than our own.

A VETERAN PEDESTRIAN HURT BY A BULL.—The veteran, Monnion, who had three ribs broken, and right collar-bone and breast-bone injured by Jim Myer's bull, is about to take a benefit in London.

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EXPRESS, New York.—We like it—and expect to like it better and better.

J. A. DE CON, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Those "army games" are preserved, and we are "overhauling" them. Happy to hear from you at your convenience.

W. S. K.—"Your turn, sir."

GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY, Painsville, Vt.—Your opponent has seceded.

NEMO.—Where are you? We have a copy of the *Irish Sporting Times*, directed to our care by its gentlemanly editor. Where shall we mail it?

C. M. WILDER, Peterboro, N. H.—Also one for you, from the same source; Mailed.

IRISH SPORTING TIMES, Dublin.—In behalf of Nemo and C. M. W., who have not yet had time, we thank you.

RETROSPECTIVE.—In justice to our correspondent, Mr. J. A. De Con, of Brooklyn, N. Y., we inform our readers that Game No. 10, of the present volume, was contested upon the part of Mr. De C. blindfold, and should not therefore be taken as a sample of his strength. Should any of our correspondents ever have the pleasure of meeting Mr. De C., "over the board, with his eyes open," they will entirely endorse our assertion.

SOMETHING NEW FOR AMERICAN PLAYERS.—Through the courtesy of Mr. A. J. Dunlap, of this city, we have enjoyed a "sight" of Drummond's new work—being the 3d edition. A hasty glance of its contents forces us to the opinion that there is more originality and interest between its covers than can be found in any treatise heretofore placed before the public. In the preface, the illustrious author writes as follows:—"I beg, therefore, most respectfully to inform the reader that the present work is nearly original; that is, games never in print before, or that much improved, as to be almost entirely new play."

A three days' examination is by far too brief a period of time to enable any one to pass an extended judgment upon the merits or demerits of a treatise on draughts, unless the same be beneath criticism. We feel disposed, however, to hazard this much, unless we judge erroneously. THE SCOTTISH DRAUGHT PLAYER will be found to contain more that is interesting in the game than anything which has yet appeared. The general appearance of the work is highly creditable, and so being alike attractive "outside and in," its "circulation" becomes a "fixed fact."

A CARD.—To "UTAH."—New York, August –, 1862.—Your play of the "Fife" in the CLIPPER of 2d inst., is faulty. The game is, drawn, after the 4th move, but not as you play it. You should play 8 to 11 at black's 6th move, instead of 10 to 14, as that is the poorest move on the board to make. White then played 25 to 22, or 24 to 19, black 4 to 8, with an easy draw, if not the best game. If you have "not been beaten for five or six years past," you have done well, providing you have played with any besides common players. If you are anxious to play, accept Mr. Vannatta's challenge to play Spayth. He having declined, I have no doubt Vannatta would as soon play you as any one. If not play him, try some of our New York, Boston, or Philadelphia players; you will find them worthy of a trial. Yours, &c., EXPRESS.

GAME No. 18—VOL. X.

ANOTHER CORRECTION OF THE A. D. P.—Mr. Draught Editer—Dear Sir:—The game below is to be found in Spayth's book of compilations.

SINGLE CORNER.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..11 to 15	22 to 18	7..10 to 14	24 to 19
2..15 22	25 18	8..15 24	28 19
3.. 8 11	29 25	9.. 7 10	31 26
4.. 4 8	24 20	10.. 3 7	32 27
5..10 15	26 22	11.. 9 13	18 9
6.. 6 10	27 24	12.. 5 14	19(1) 16

Drawn.

The compiler must be easily satisfied, or else, as I really think, he is deficient in the power of finding out the beauties of fine play.

Correction by John Drummond, Denny, Scotland.

(1)

13..12 to 19	23 to 16	22..16 to 19	11 to 18
14.. 8 12	27 23	23..14 23	23 18
15..12 19	23 16	24.. 9 14	18 9
16..10 15	16 12	25.. 5 14	25 22
17.. 1 5	12 8	26..23 27	26 23
18..11 16	20 11	27..19 26	30 23
19.. 7 16	8 3	28..27 31	22 18
20.. 2 6	3 7	29..31 27	18 9
21.. 6 9	7 11	30..27 18	9 5

Black wins.

This correction is in Drummond's third edition, recently issued. Mr. Spayth would do well to take lessons of him, both as to play and authorship. He says: "My work is nearly original; that is, games never in print before, or that much improved, as to be almost entirely new play." He further says: "I have carefully avoided putting down games belonging to any other author, because I consider that dishonest, *although some authors have done little else.*" Yours, &c., EXPRESS.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 18—VOL. X.

BY A. L. H.

White.		Black.	
1.. 2	6	32	22
2..16	19	24	15
3.. 6	1	15	6
4.. 1	7, and wins.		

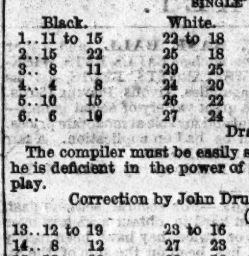
SOLUTION OF STURGES' 84th POSITION.

White.		Black.	
1.. 6	9	13	6
2.. 2	9	14	17
3.. 9	13	17	22
4..13	17	22	25
5..17	22, and wins.		

POSITION No. 18—Vol. X.

By C. M. W.
The "Star"—A Phantasie.

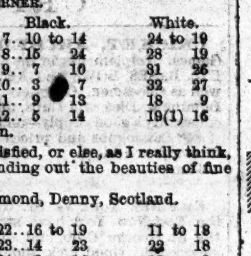
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to move and win.

THE 85th POSITION OF STURGES.

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to move and win.

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN MARY E. M. AND W. S. K.

Black—Mary.		White—W. S. K.	
24..15	22	8	15
25..22	26	23	19
26..26	31	24	20

Drawn.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

THE WORLD'S CONGRESS.

THIS, as far as its public sessions are concerned, is now through, and Herr Andersseen will be almost beyond peradventure the winner of the chief prize, and the CHAMPION OF THE WORLD. A fitting crowning reward to this chivalrous, self-denying veteran, so ripe in years, skill, and honors. We assume that Mr. Paulsen takes *second* prize. Herr Loewenthal played four games and won them all—but was thus obliged from severe illness arising from over-exertion to abandon the contest. Of Signor Dubois we learn the following particulars:—"He came to London very much shattered in health; indeed he has been more or less a confirmed invalid for several years, the highest praise is therefore due to this really first-rate player for coming at all. Besides having to contend with the disadvantages of ill health, the Italian master has also had the misfortune to succumb to some of the technicalities necessarily required for fixing the days of play, and consequently on the score appears the loser of some games which were not actually played."

The remaining matches for the conclusion of both Tournaments will be played out at the rooms of the three great metropolitan clubs, and Ries' Cigar Divan. At the very last moment the match by telegraph between Paris and the Congress, on which so great expectations were raised, fell through; the French government forbidding the exclusive use of a wire for that purpose! Bah! Herr Andersseen (over the board) played eight simultaneous games, giving to all his opponents the odds of Kt, as follows: 1. Sir John Blunden; 2. R. F. Hunt; 3. J. O. H. Taylor; 4. J. F. Gillam; 5. W. H. Mandell, Jr.; 6. A. S. Piggott; 7. Signor Aspa; and 8. a metropolitan Amateur.—A Herculean task truly—how mightily performed let the record speak. Herr A. won Nos. 2, 4, 5, 7, and 8; drew with Nos. 3 and 6 (a severe struggle) and lost only to No. 1. Several telegraphic matches were commenced between the foreign visitors at the London Club, and the English players at the St. James, all of which were very interesting, but lack of time prevented their conclusion.

The public proceedings were closed with a most magnificent banquet, at Willis' Rooms, Thursday, July 10th. This is praised indeed when praised by the somewhat cynical and always eccentric, but ever Chess enthusiastic G. c. Walker. A large and brilliant assemblage was collected. Of new names we now find Herr Harrwitz, Herr Dufresne (Rotterdam) Mr. Thompson (N. Y.) Prof. Forbes, Mr. Newham, etc. Lord Lyttelton in the Chair and Viscount Cremorne Vice do. Lord Lyttelton congratulated the meeting on its entire success, paid a high tribute of praise to efficiency of the Committee, and expressed an earnest hope that the revision of the Code of Laws, which had formed one of their labors, might meet the approval of the whole body of players—believing the improvements suggested would conduce to the interests of the game. Lord Ravensworth, the Chevalier de St. Bon, and Mr. Medley made appropriate and feeling speeches. Mr. Mongredien, among other things, remarked:—"Whilst our noble Chairman in the parliamentary arena heartily espoused the important cause of education, he descended thence to patronize the noble game of Chess. But that, too, might subserve national purposes. He (Mr. M.) was for taking Chess into the barrack and man-of-war. Our soldiers and sailors had many spare hours, now mis-spent or slept away, which might be profitably spent on Chess." Viscount Cremorne and the veteran George Walker, testified most unreservedly to their obligations to the zeal and ability of the Committee, their gratification at the unqualified success to which they had conducted the "Congress," and their high hopes of a powerful and brilliant future for the "British Chess Association." Mr. Hampton reported the financial success of the enterprise. No less than £800 had been subscribed for the purposes of this Congress. Mr. Young proposed the health of Herr Loewenthal (Managing Director) to whom he said [and most justly, too] it was due that any meeting had been had at all. Herr L. had been chiefly instrumental in bringing about the Bristol meeting of last year, and that was undoubtedly the parent of the World's Congress of 1862. This brought out Herr Loewenthal, but what he said he doesn't tell us. Mr. Puller proposed "The Ladies who had been present at the Congress," which was duly honored, and the party separated.

POSTSCRIPT.

By more recent advices, we learn that the matches pending at the departure of the last steamer, were recorded as follows:—Andersseen, 1; Mongredien, 0; Drawn, 1. Anderssen, 1; Paulsen, 1; Drawn, 0. Dubois, 1; Steinitz, 0; Drawn, 0. McDonnell, 2; Hannah, 0; Drawn, 0.

A CHESS ASSOCIATION is about to be formed in France.

A NEW WORK has just been published in France, entitled "Strategie Raisonnee des Ouvertures du Jeu d'Echecs;" the work of Messeurs l'Abbe Durrand, Louis Metton, and Jean Preti.

THE NEW AND REVISED CODE OF CHESS LAWS, recently adopted, will be published *in extenso* in our next issue.

ENIGMA No. 341.

BY HERR ANDERSSEN.

at his B 5, K 8, K B 6, K Kt 2d.

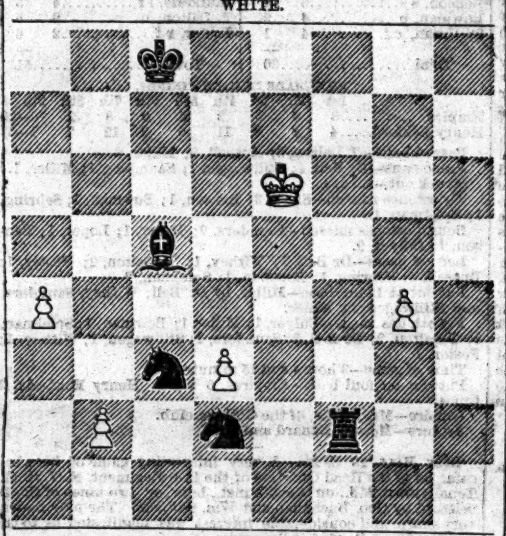
at his B 5, At K B 3d.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

PROBLEM No. 341.

BY N. C. REID, M. D.

WHITE.



BLACK.

Black to play and give mate in three moves.

GAME No. 341.

Between our contributor E. McCutcheon and another amateur at the "Morphy."

CENTRE GAMBIT.

Attack, McCutcheon.	Defence, Amateur.	Attack, McCutcheon.	Defence, Amateur.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	13..Q B to R 6	Q to her R 4
2..P-Q 4	K P × P	14..K B-Kt 3	Q Kt-Kt 5
3..K B-B 4	P-Q B 4 (a)	15..Kt-K 6 + +	K-home *best*
4..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	16..Q B-Q 2	Q-K 4
5..Castles	K B-K 2	17..Q B-B 4	Q × Kt P
6..P-Q B 3	K Kt-B 3	18..K Kt-B 7 +	K-Q sq
7..P-K 5	K Kt-K 5	19..K B-his 7	P-Q 3 *must*
8..K B-Q 5	P-K B 4	20..Q B × P	K B × B
9..B P × P	B P × P	21..Q × K B +	Q B-Q 2
10..K Kt × P	Q Kt × P	22..K Kt-K 6 +	K-Q B sq
11..Kt × B P	K Kt-B 3	23..Q gives checkmate.	
12..Kt × Kt P +	K-his B sq		

(a) This is not commendable. Q Kt to B 3d is the strongest move for the Defence at this point—though the following is safe:

3..	K B to Kt 5 +	6..B P × B (1)	Q × Q R
4..P-Q B 3	Q 2d P × P	7..Q-her Kt 3	Q-K B 3
5..Kt P × P	Q-K B 3	8..Q B-Kt 2	Q-K Kt 3, and

the Attack, though strong, is hardly compensated in position for the loss of the Pawn and exchange.—E. W. B.

The *Praxis* continues:—

9..K Kt to K 2	K Kt to R 3	11..K Kt to B 4, and the Attack
10..Q Kt-B 3	P-Q B 3	will presently have an over-

whelming array of pieces bearing on the adverse King. If the Defence adopt 3..K Kt to B 3d, the position is the same as one form of Kt's defence to K B's opening, 3..Q Kt to B 3d turns the game, as here opened, into the regular defence to the Scotch Gambit.

Jænisch stigmatises this 3d move of the Defence as "so bad that it ought to cost the game." He continues thus:—

4..P to Q B 3 *best.*	Q Kt to B 3	8..Q B to Kt 5	K Kt to B 3
5..K Kt-B 3	Q-2d P × P	9..Castles, Q R	Q B-K 3
6..Q Kt × P	P-Q 3	10..Q Kt-Q 5, and	
7..Q-Kt 3 *best*	Q-K 2	the Attack wins.	

He pronounces the (ch) with B *best.*

(1) Here is Jænisch's point of divergence; he plays:—

6..Q to her Kt 3	K B to B 4	8..Castles	P to K R 3
7..K Kt-B 3	P-Q 3	9..K R-K sq	K Kt-K 2, and

the Defence has a secure position and keeps his P. (See also Dime Chess Instructor, p. 67.

A splendid counter-assault by M. Martin St. Leon against Kieseritzky.—*Bell's Life.*

CENTRE GAMBIT.

Kieseritzky.	M. St. Leon.	Kieseritzky.	M. St. Leon.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	11..Q to K R 4	Q Kt to Kt 5
2..P-Q 4	K P × P	12..P-K Kt 3	Q Kt-K 6 (b)
3..K Kt-B 3	K B-Kt 5 +	13..K B-home	Q B-Kt 5 (c)
4..P-Q B 3	Q 2d P × P	14..Q Kt-his 3	Q-his B 3 (d)
5..Kt P × P	K B-B 4	15..P-K 5 (e)	Q P × P
6..K B-B 4	P-Q 3	16..Q Kt × B	K P × P
7..K Kt-his 5	K Kt-R 3	17..Q Kt-K 4	Q-her Kt 3
8..Q-K R 5	Castles	18..P-K B 3	Q Kt-B 7 +
9..P-K B 4 (a)	Q Kt-Q 2	19..K-Q 2	Q R-Q sq +
10..Q Kt-Q 2	Q Kt-B 3	20..K × Q Kt	Q B mates.

(a) He would better have first castled.

(b) This Kt is now strongly planted, and the position for the counter-charge, which here begins with great vivacity, is taken up.

(c) Beautifully played!—threatening mate with Kt.

(d) Another strong move; indeed nothing can be finer that St. Leon's play in all this.

(e) A bold attempt to shake off his opponent.

TROT AT LOWELL, MASS.—A spirited trot came off there on the 30th ult., for a stake and purse of $175, between Lady Morris, a handsome grey mare, owned by Billy Morris, of minstrel fame; J. E. Maynard's gelding Comet; and G. P. Maynard's brown mare Comfort. Lady Morris was to have gone to wagon, but just previous to the start had a smash up—nobody hurt—and to harness was substituted. Lady Morris won in three straight heats in 2:47, 2:47, 2:50. Another go between them is proposed.

MEN, MANNERS AND THINGS IN ENGLAND.

AS SEEN BY AN AMERICAN.

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BY EDWIN JAMES.

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MADAME TUSSAUD'S FAMOUS COLLECTION OF WAX FIGURES, TROPHIES, RELICS, ETC.

CONTINUED.

In addition to those mentioned in my last, and in the same room, are two grand tableaux—one representing royalty and distinguished generals in Europe, the other a marriage groupe, in which the following persons are participating:—Her Majesty Queen Victoria, the late Prince Consort, and their children, Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, the late Duchess of Kent, Duke of Cambridge, Sir Charles Napier, Viscount Hardinge, Sir Archibald Maclaine, Lord Gough, Lord Hill, Earl of Derby, Admiral Napier, D'Israeli, Palmerston, and Lord John Russell; of these figures there's nothing special about them, except that they decidedly flatter the originals, particularly Lord "Pam," of whom it will perhaps be news when I inform you he is "an Irishman bred and born;" his physog was modeled only three or four years ago, while Lord John and Dizzy were done over twenty years since—consequently they appear very nice young men as you see them at Madame Tussaud's. Of European aristocracy, the most noted are: Nicholas I. of Russia, the Dowager Empress of Russia, Alexander II., Emperor and Empress of France, Emperor and Empress of Austria, King of Sardinia, Emperor of the Brazils, King of the Netherlands, Prince Menschikoff, the late King of Prussia and his brother the present King, Omar Pasha, Ferdinand II., King of Denmark, Sultan of Turkey, King of Sweden and Norway, Marshal Pelissier, King of Portugal and Algarve, Marshal St. Amand, Queen of Spain, General Canrobert, and Lord Raglan. In almost every instance these chaps are rigged out "fighting fashion," not high-lows and knee-breeches, but as generals and so forth, though that don't prove they ever done any fighting, does it? One of the best things of all, is a man facing this group, of whom I so far forgot myself as to ask him to move up a little; the person alluded to is William Cobbett, the author, and they've got him sitting down on the most frequented bench of the hall, with snuff-box half opened in his hand and a pleasant smile on his countenance—not one in fifty discover their mistake about Cobbett until somebody "up to snuff" sets on laughing, and then the cat's out of the bag at once; if, however, instead of a snuff-box, they had placed a catalogue in his hand, I shouldn't have been the only one to talk to him. Immediately behind Cobbett we have Madame St. Amaranthe, on a couch, as if in slumber, and Madame Tussaud at the head of the couch. Of the latter figure you can best imagine how life-like it must be, when taken by the artist herself; she's a happy little woman, very short, minus of hoops, regular features, and a pair of specs on. What makes these two ladies more interesting is, that Madame Tussaud actually modeled the face of Madame St. Amaranthe but a few months before her execution, which was brought about by the remorseless tyrant Robespierre during the Reign of Terror, because she refused to become his mistress; as might naturally be supposed, a great number are always in this particular spot, and what's more, they never seem to tire of looking upon the waxen images of Mesdames Tussaud and St. Amaranthe. I have merely given a list of figures in room 1, so that unless brevity is the rule with the others, there'd be no end of describing them—brevity's the word then.

THE HALL OF KINGS.

This hall was so named from containing several portraits in oil, by eminent artists. It is probably the most splendid room ever seen as an exhibition, and on the walls are placed the full-length portraits of Victoria, Prince Albert, William IV. George IV, George III, George II, George I, William III, Queen Anne, and Queen Charlotte, all painted from life, and all in their court robes; the ceiling is also beautifully decorated, and every thing is arranged to give splendor, grandeur, and magnificence to their august, most gracious, and commanding presence. First and foremost comes George IV, seated on a genuine throne from Carlton Palace, under which, when alive, he received the Allied Monarchs. Second, Earl Grey, in the full dress of a minister. Third, Marquis of Wellesley, brother to the Duke of Wellington. Fourth, Bishop of Exeter, taken from life. Fifth, Lord Lyndhurst, in the robes of a peer and coat of a minister. Sixth, Duke of York, full robed in the Order of the Garter costume. Seventh, Duke of Sussex, in a suit worn by him as colonel of the city artillery, with the mantle he wore at the coronation of Queen Victoria, of great value. Eighth, Duke of Wellington, taken from life in 1852; the Iron Duke was suddenly attacked with sickness, and died after only a few hours' illness, at his residence, Walmer Castle, Sept. 14, 1852, in the 84th year of his age; buried in St. Pauls. Ninth, Victoria I, taken in 1838; the good little model queen was born May 24, 1819, drowned June 28, 1838. Tenth, Duke of Kent. Eleventh, Lord Nelson, in the uniform of an admiral, the cast taken from his face. Twelfth, the late Queen Dowager, in the actual train, etc., worn by her at her coronation. Thirteenth, King William IV, in the magnificent coat worn by him as Lord High Admiral of England, embroidered by Messrs. Holbecks of Bond street, and the only one ever made. Fourteenth, Lord Melbourne, in the robes of a peer and coat of a minister. Fifteenth, King of Hanover. Sixteenth, Duke of Cambridge, in a field marshal's uniform, with the coronation robe and all the royal collars. Seventeenth, Leopold I, King of Belgium, and uncle to Prince Albert. Eighteenth, George III, in the robes of St. Patrick, with the collar, etc., instituted by himself in honor of Ireland. Nineteenth, George II, in the full robes of the garter as worn at that period, with the ancient collar. Twentieth, George I, in the robes of the order of the thistle, originally created by himself. Twenty-first, Queen Caroline. Twenty-second, Princess Charlotte of Wales. Twenty-third, Princess Augusta, in the actual dress she wore at the coronation of Queen Victoria. Twenty-fourth, Queen Charlotte, in a full court dress of her time, wearing the hoop, etc. First two dozen in all, and grouped on one massive platform as representing the House of Brunswick from the time of George I,

We next come to a string of old roosters, who were as willing to fight as some of England's big men now are to kick up a row for the purpose of seeing others fight, but take good care to keep out of it themselves. For instance, first, there is William of Normandy, surnamed the Conqueror, from his compelling Harold to yield up the throne of England *nolens volens;* Harold had promised, but went back on his word, so William tackled him and got with an iron hand; he never allowed Englishmen to hold any office whatever, whether in Church or State, and even the English language was forbidden in the courts of law, the Norman French being substituted in its stead. Second, Matilda, wife of the Conqueror, of whom a laughable incident is told. William, having heard of Matilda's beauty, went to courting her, and even had the courage to pop the question; for some reason or other Tilda jilted him, and Billy got so wild about it that he waylaid her in the streets as she was returning with her ladies from mass, beat her, rolled her in the mud, spoiled her fine clothes, and then took to his heels at full speed; this queer mode of wooing actually brought things to a crisis, for Tilda, being convinced of Billy's passion by the violence of his behavior, or afraid of getting a second beating, consented to become his wife! Don't none of you try this dodge even if the Conqueror did, for I guess that 'ere game's played out around New York. Third, William II, *alias* Sandy, Brick-top, Carrots, or Rufus, one of the four; he was crowned at Westminster, reigned thirteen years, and never married; his death occurred by accident while out hunting, and so little respect was paid Sandy by his British subjects, that his body lay where it fell till next day, when it was taken to Winchester in the cart of a charcoal burner, and buried without ceremony. Fourth, Henry I, in a magnificent suit of mail; the youngest son of the Conqueror, surnamed the Scholar, from his translating Æsop's Fables; he died from eating lampreels. Fifth, Stephen, grandson of the Conqueror. Sixth, Henry II, nicknamed Shortmantle, in the costume of the period; he originated the line of Plantagenet, which term was derived from the crest of the family, a bunch of broom. Seventh, Richard I, dressed in the costume of a troubadour, and Berengeria his queen. An anecdote is told of his great strength: while in prison, a snob named Wardrewe dared Richard to stand a buffet from his hand, to be returned on the morrow if he survived; the Lion-Hearted consented at once, and W. hit him a staggerer full in the fore-head; on the morrow, Dick washed his hands in horse-radish, vinegar, and oil, (perhaps he did,) and when his saucy opponent came for his regulars, Richard gave him such a blow on the cheek as broke his jaw-bone and killed him on the spot! Well done, King Dick! Eighth, King John, dressed in appropriate costume, taken from ancient MSS.; the great originator of the Magna Charta, which is considered the foundation of English liberty. Ninth, Henry III, in the costume of the period. Tenth, Edward I, surnamed Longshanks; a warrior bold, particularly down on Scotchmen. Eleventh, Edward II, beheaded by his own subjects by order of his own wife!—a *very* nice tea party, wern't they? Twelfth, William III, in military dress of the time; hero of the battle of the Boyne. Thirteenth, James II, in suit of armor. Fourteenth, Louis Phillippe, late King of the French, dressed in the uniform of a Lieutenant General. Fifteenth, Queen Anne. Sixteenth, Charles II, in a suit of chevalier armor, with the badge of the Garter. Seventeenth, Charles I, whom Oliver Cromwell caused to be beheaded at Whitehall in 1649. Eighteenth, Oliver Cromwell, in a suit of Armor of the period; Oliver is seated in a chair of state, looking grandiloquently stern, and enough like Ned Buntlin to be his father; he was just such another sort of fellow as Mr. Judson would be; Oliver didn't exactly usurp the government, although he signed Charles the First's death warrant, but the English actually offered him the crown, and he only the son of a civilian; some people here call him the George Washington of England! Nineteenth, Mary Queen of Scots, in the costume of the time. Twentieth, Queen Bess, modeled from an authentic picture at Hampton Court Palace, bedecked with ruffles and frills. Twenty-first, Henry VII, the dress taken from the monument in Westminster Abbey, where he lies buried. We have now done with the highcality tribe, some of whom, kings though they happened to be, were not half as clever as many of your Broadway stage-drivers, and certainly never had the nerve to command a fire company.

THE NAPOLEON ROOM.

Here we have a finely arranged group of nine, with Napoleon Bonaparte the commanding feature. Bony appears in the uniform of a chasseur of the guards, with the star of the Legion of Honor; the bust was taken from life in 1815, and is therefore reliable. Second, Murat, King of Naples, in the uniform of a cuirassier of the Neapolitan Guards; he worked his way up from

a common soldier to Bony's aid-de-camp, and had the good fortune to marry the great hero's sister; not bad for Murat, was it? Third, Marshal Ney, dressed as a marshal of France, not exactly the same as Isaiah Rynders, though. Fourth, a favorite Mameluke servant of Napoleon's, who saved his life in Egypt, introduced to give effect to the group. Fifth, the late Emperor of Austria, Francis, in the uniform of the Austrian Guards; Napoleon married his daughter after repudiating Josephine. Sixth, Frederick William, King of Prusia. Seventh, Von Blucher, as field marshal, and in the costume of the Prussian Guards; but for Blucher, where would Wellington have been at Waterloo, eh? Eighth, Alexander of Russia, as a Russian Guard. Ninth, Talleyrand, in his usual dress. There are also two beautiful paintings in this room, The Marriage of George IV, and Venus rising from the ocean.

This is all you can see for a shilling, but another sixpence admits to three other rooms, the most interesting of all, an account of which must be deferred for another letter; by that time Madame Tussaud's will be quite familiar.

DRAMATIC AND OTHER SKETCHES.

NEW SERIES.—NUMBER EIGHTEEN.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

WILLIAM J. FLORENCE.

Born in the city of Albany, N. Y., July 26, 1831. His father died in 1846, and the family not being in very good circumstances, he was called on to support them; they consisted of his mother and eight children, he being the eldest. This, to a young man of fifteen years, was no easy task. He had just returned from school at Princeton, N. J., to attend to his father's funeral, when he learned of the reduced circumstances of the family. After resorting to various expedients for obtaining employment, and failing, our hero turned his attention to writing for the press, but being too young to command liberal patronage for such labor, his productions brought him but small reward. No one knew him, and he had no literary reputation. After leaving this devious and capricious line of life for a period, he succeeded in obtaining a situation as assistant book-keeper in a large mercantile house in New York. The incessant toil in this establishment brought on a brain fever; a long and severe illness followed. After he recovered, he determined to adopt the stage as a profession, having performed several times in the schoolboy theatres. He now joined the Murdoch Dramatic Association, of New York, a Thespian society then in its infancy. While a member of that society, he performed the most difficult parts with *eclat*. On a certain occasion he performed Old Adam Winterton, in "Iron Chest," and Mr. T. S. Hamblin, being present, was so pleased with the young *debutant's* delineation, that he immediately offered him an engagement as a member of the Bowery Theatre, which offer he was obliged to decline on account of ill health. He shortly after received a letter from Mr. Chippendale, begging of him to become a member of the Richmond Hill Theatre Company, which he accepted, and made his first appearance on the public stage December 6, 1849, as Peter, in "The Stranger." At the close of the season (four months) he went to Niblo's Garden, under the management of Chippendale & Brougham, making his first appearance on the opening night, May 8, 1850. He next went to Providence, R. I., playing Macduff, to Booth's Macbeth, and having played a successful engagement, he returned to New York, and opened at Brougham's Lyceum, where he made his first appearance in Irish characters. On the first day of January, 1853, he married Miss Malvina Pray, a popular *danseuse* attached to Wallack's Theatre. June 8, 1853, they appeared at the National Theatre, New York, as the Irish Boy and Yankee Gal, creating a favorable impression, which carried them through a series of successful tours throughout the United States and Canadas. On the 2d of April, 1856, they sailed in the steamer Persia for England, arriving, on the 12th, at Liverpool; made their first appearance in Great Britain at Drury-lane Theatre, London, and for fifty nights performed to good houses. They afterwards performed at the leading theatres throughout the United Kingdom. They arrived home in the Baltic August 17, 1856. Made their first appearance in Philadelphia, at the Chestnut-street Theatre, July 25, 1853. At present performing at Wallack's New Theatre.

MRS. W. J. FLORENCE.

Formerly Mrs. Joseph Littell; maiden-name, Malvina Pray. Was married to Joseph Littell, from whom she was divorced, and married to Mr. Florence in New York, January 1, 1853. She is a sister to Mrs. Barney Williams. Mrs. Florence excels as a *danseuse*, and is one of the best representatives of the Yankee Gal. She was the first to introduce the Yankee Gal to the British public. She is of medium height, and of fine personal appearance. She is at present with her husband, at Wallack's.

MISS JENNIE PARKER.

A benison upon thy head!
All earthly happiness be thine!
May joy supernal be thy lot,
And life's fair sun upon thee shine
With lustre that shall know no blight;
May sorrow ne'er invade thy breast,
And may sweet dreams spread their bright wings
Around thee in thine hours of rest!

This lady was born near Rochester, N. Y., in the year 1838, and made her first appearance on the stage, when nine years of age, at the Old Eagle-street Theatre, Buffalo, as the Duke of York, with old Booth. For five years she remained a permanent member of this theatre, playing boys and children's parts. At the expiration of that time she visited California, where she made quite a hit, being nightly received with great favor. During this engagement she appeared principally in boys and chambermaid's parts. At eighteen years of age she made her *debut* as the pupil of Walter Leman, in juvenile tragedy, appearing in the cities of Cincinnati, Baltimore, Memphis, Savannah, Charleston, and Norfolk. First appeared in Philadelphia, at the Continental Theatre, September, 1861, then under the management of Wm. Wheatley. Here she played in parts of a somewhat different character to those she had formerly appeared in, but with the same result. Here she stamped her genius upon every character presented; won the unanimous applause nightly of crowded audiences; secured for herself a name and a reputation, and established herself as a popular favorite. At the close of the season she was engaged for the Winter Garden, New York, but on account of a severe indisposition was unable to appear. Having once more regained her health, she re-appeared at the Continental, under the management of Thos. McKeon. In the ever-shifting scenes of professional labor, Grover's Washington Theatre was her next halting post, where she remained until the close of the season, July 12, 1862. As a *tragedienne*, she not only *promises* to assume a very high rank in her profession, but is *already* a shining star. Her appearance on the stage is attractive in the highest degree; her attitudes and gesticulations are strikingly graceful, and indicate a rare discrimination, and her voice, for power and pathos, is excellent. She possesses an eye of singular brilliancy, and a charming *naivete*, as well as naturalness of manner and expression, and these add not a little to her playing. She always dresses in good taste. Her performance of Miranda, in Shakespeare's "Tempest," was much extolled by the press of Philadelphia. There is not much acting in the *role*, but she presented the ideal and innocent young virgin most successfully. In every attitude the beholder was reminded of some Greek sculpture; and a person of taste could not help wondering how a handsome woman, who can appear so beautiful when dressed according to true rules of art, can, under any circumstances, be induced to disguise herself with hoops and crinoline.

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

From the Sporting Life, July 26.

FIGHTS TO COME.

JULY 29.—H. Burgess and Patsy Marley—£50 a side, Liverpool.
29.—Townsend and Lambert—£5 a side, catch weight, Home circuit.
AUG. 5.—Jack Brookes and Tiny Tom—£25 a side, at 8st 10lb, Home circuit.
5.—Jerry Regan and Barney Regan—£10 a side.
19.—Young Dove and J. Jones—£25 a side, 8st 8lb, Home Circuit.
26.—Peter Morris and Young Holden—£50 a side, 8st, Home circuit.
NOV. 25.—Jack Hicks and James Gollagher—£100 a side, at 9st, Home circuit.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

JEM MACE AND TOM KING.—£400 AND THE CHAMPION'S BELT.—The deposit due has been duly posted with the final stakeholder; and the next of £15 a side has to be staked on Wednesday, July 30, at Mr. W. Richardson's, Blue Anchor, Church-street, Shoreditch. Both men are well in health and confident of success.

HARRY BROOME'S BENEFIT AT HACKNEY WICK.—Harry Broome, one of the ex-champions of England, took his postponed benefit on Monday, July 21, at Hackney Wick, but did not have so great a muster as might have been expected from his reputation in the ring. The following were the sets-to, viz.:—Jack Haley and Denny Sullivan; a bustling and [illegible] bout. Young Welsh and Hawkes, of Birmingham, had a very neat and clever spar. Bos Tyler and Bourke, of New South Wales; all in favor of Bos. George Henley and Fred Dickenson; very good. Young Dove and Perkins had a rattler of hard-hitting, &c. Baldock and Jenks (Isle of Wight) were the next; and Harry Broome and Joe Rowe (one of his old opponents twenty years ago) wound up, and were much applauded. Harry than returned thanks, and the company dispersed, much pleased with the afternoon's sport. Inspector Duncan, P.B.A., M.C.

MICKEY GANNON (who recently defeated Jesse Hatton, of London, for £100 a-side) and Bodger Crutchley, of Birmingham (who has been recently heavily fined,) take a joint benefit on July 28, at the Canterbury Hall, Lion-street, Liverpool, being the day previous to the fight between Marley and Burgess.

BOB TRAVERS.—Alec Keene and George Brown have undertaken to arrange a sparring benefit for Bob Travers, to console him for his late defeat, and as a testimonial to his bravery on that occasion, to take place at Hackney Wick, on Monday, August 4.

THE LATE NED ADAMS.—A sparring benefit for the widow and family of the late Ned Adams will take place on Monday July 28.

GAME FIGHT BETWEEN JEM PAUL AND GEORGE LEACH AT 9st 8lb, FOR £30.—A game and determined mill took place on Tuesday, July 22, between George Leach and Jem Paul, at 9st 8lb, for £15 a side, at Wind's Point, near the Malvern Hills, in Herefordshire. The articles stated the men were to weigh on the Monday before fighting, which ceremony was gone through, and both were well within weight. No time was wasted in pitching the ring and choosing a referee, and at nine a.m., Leach threw in his cap, having the celebrated Joe Goss and J. White, of Halesowen, for his seconds, and sported a handkerchief with a cream colored ground and Magenta border for his colors. Paul was soon after him, receiving the attention of Bill Benjamin and a friend. His colors were a blue and white birdseye. As the men were stripping, a few pounds were laid out at evens, but Leach was slightly the favorite. The fight was of a most determined character, give and take being the order of the day. In the third round, Leach gained first blood, from Paul's left ear; after which Paul took a trifling lead, up to the twenty-seventh, when Leach recovered his second wind, and planted a terrific right-hander on the ribs, which sent Paul to grass, thus gaining the first two events. From this time, Leach gradually obtained a decided lead, until seventy-nine rounds had been contested, when Bill Benjamin (at the request of Paul's backers) threw up the sponge in token of Paul's defeat, after fighting *one hour and fifty-six minutes*. Both men were much punished, and the greatest praise is due to Joe Goss, for his kind attention to his man.

CLAYTON AND SIDDALL.—These Wakefield men met on Monday July 21, at about a mile from the town, to contend for £10 a-side, and, after fighting five rounds in 45 min., Siddall was declared the winner.

BEN BANDOFF, of London, and Ikey Byng, of Landport, staked £1 a side, on Wednesday July 23, at George Matthison's, Landport Arms, Landport, to fight for £10 a side in the Hampshire district; and they have to meet again at the above house, to draw up articles and increase the deposit.

SPIRITED MILL IN THE MIDLAND DISTRICT.—At an early hour on Monday morning, July 21, Caggy Wilson, who has frequently figured in the P.R., with varied success, and Alf Simpson (alias The Countryman,) a well-known pedestrian, met near the Tunnel, King's Norton, to settle their respective claims to fistic superiority, at catch weight, for £5 a side. Caggy, whose fighting weight was 9st 2lb, is getting into "the sere and yellow leaf," while his opponent's weight was 10st 8lb, or nearly 1½st heavier, and, though a novice, is a young and vigorous aspirant to fistic fame, likewise much longer in the reach. Both were in good condition, but somewhat fleshy; still, superior tactics and generalship, in most cases, counterbalance these advantages, as the sequel will show. In the first round, Caggy drew first blood, from a spanking hit on the mouth. Simpson, however, got the first knock-down blow in the fourth round, from a crasher on the ribs. Caggy's superior science soon began to tell tales on The Countryman's visage, as he got on very cleverly, round after round, Simpson generally returning on the ribs, that is, when he could break through the guard. Caggy's tactics were evidently to make his points, and then slip away, as he almost invariably concluded the short, quick rounds, by going down to avoid. In all, some sixty-two rounds were fought, occupying 2 hrs. 10 min., when Simpson's seconds, seeing that he could not possibly retrieve his lost ground, and that he was rapidly going blind, threw up the sponge, which they had attempted to do half an hour previously, but the game fellow would not hear of it, and strove manfully to turn the tide in his favor, in which he was for a time partially successful, as Caggy went exceedingly weak, thus reviving the hope of his partisans. They were, however soon doomed to disappointment, as Caggy's seconds, by dint of the most praiseworthy attention to their man, brought him round again, when he went in, and very cleverly finished The Countryman, whose eyes by this time were nearly closed. Two old pugs waited on Caggy, while an old friend and ped did the needful for Simpson. Too much praise cannot be given to the latter for the clean manner in which they brought up their man round after round. His right hand very early in the fight began to puff fearfully, while his left was not by any means effective; on the other hand, Caggy is a most determined and very clever left-hand fighter. Bob Inrgam filled the office of referee. It is rarely that we have witnessed such a spirited contest as the present, for, although in point of tactics, Caggy certainly was a long way before his opponent—and in this respect it was a somewhat one-sided affair—still, the determined and thoroughly game manner in which The Countryman came up, time after time, when virtually beaten, and would not succumb until blindness compelled him, is deserving of all praise, especially as this was his first essay in a prize ring; and the fact of his having stood two hours' hammering, is a sufficient proof of his gameness. We repeat, that rarely has such a thoroughly well-contested battle been witnessed, and for such a small stake; but it has not unfrequently happened of late, that the smaller the sum, the better has been the contest for it.

DAN CRUTCHLEY AND TOM ALLEN.—The fight between these Birmingham men, for £25 a side, which was appointed to take place July 22, has resulted in another disappointment. The weighing took place on Monday night, at Martin's, Golden Lion, Deritend, when Dan was 4lb and Allen 1lb within the weight (9st 10lb.) Allen, with his backers and friends, proceeded the same evening to the rendezvous, the Four Ashes, Wolverhampton, an early hour having been made for Tuesday morning. Crutchley, however, previous to starting, at five o'clock in the morning, was apprehended, and bound over to keep the peace for six months. The matter at present remains in abeyance.

JENNINGS AND SMITH.—These men were ordered to meet to conclude their interrupted fight on Friday, July 17, at a place named by the referee, either party not appearing to forfeit the money. Jennings went to the appointed place, but Smith never made his appearance. The referee, therefore, declared Jennings entitled to the stakes.

AT IT AGAIN.—Charley Lynch, the American, having received £12 10s. forfeit from Edwards, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, will make a match with Tom Tyler, at 8st 6lb, for from £10 to £50 a side, in six weeks' time. Lynch left £2 for Edwards. The London backer of Edwards has forfeited in consequence of his country supporters not fulfilling their promises.

PEDESTRIANISM.

A COUNTERFEIT PEDESTRIAN.—An individual, representing himself to be Edward Mills, the "six miles champion runner" of England, whose name has become celebrated by his recent repeated races with Deerfoot, the American Indian, has been visiting the principal towns of Dorset, Somerset, and Devon, supporting himself by swindling the inhabitants. At Axminster and Crewkerne, without paying either for board or lodging, he took with him a valuable silver-mounted cane, the property of a gentleman at Crewkerne. At Exeter, he tried to palm himself off in a similar manner, but the fraud was soon detected, and he had to beat a speedy retreat, after succeeding in "doing" a respectable landlord of the town out of his hotel expenses; but in his hasty exodus he left the cane behind, and it has since been claimed by its owner. It was ascertained after he had left, that he had gone to the Cowley Bridge Inn, to which place some gentlemen followed him, with the intention of giving him a good ducking in the river; but they found that the bird had flown in a most ingenious manner. He partook of good things at host Hunt's table, and then suggested a drive out, as he wished to look for some running ground "for a great match for £200, next week." Hunt thought it would be a good thing for him to get the visitors to his hostelry, and accordingly he drove the *soi-disant* Mills about three miles on the Tiverton road. Here he felt himself "rather stiff," and said he would run back to get himself into condition, and should be home before the driver. Mr. Hunt turned round, thinking his guest would follow, and was sorely disappointed at his non-appearance that day. He had run off to Tiverton instead, and is now supposed to be in Wiltshire. It is needless to say that the fellow is in no way connected with Mills the popular pedestrian.

BENDIGO AND POULSON'S BENEFIT.—T. Thomas, of Tividale, and B. Ackland, of Dudley Port, met at the Aston Cross Grounds, Birmingham, on Monday, July 21, punctually at the appointed time, two o'clock, to run six score yards, for £5 a side. Betting slightly in favor of Thomas, who, twelve months ago, defeated his present opponent in the same distance, the odds being 6 to 4, which verged to evens on starting, at which quotation a great deal of money was booked by the Black Country gentlemen. When preparatory matters had been adjusted, the competitors came to the mark; and, on the start being made, went away at a good pace, the lead being taken by Thomas, which was maintained to the finish, winning by a yard. The grounds were now cleared for Bendigo and Poulson's benefit, when some 500 persons paid admission, to witness a sparring exhibition. The first men to show were Gallett Harding and the veteran Bowey Taylor, who had a pretty set-to, and were followed by Mickey Gannon and Nobby Hall, who, by their admirable use of the mittens, elicited great applause. Next in pursuit came Morris Roberts and Dick Fellows. This was a very scientific bout, the men being very evenly pitted. Jack Moran and Toddy Middleton next came forward, and had a good set-to, the easy style of Moran being much admired. They were succeeded by Mick Foley and a friend, whose encounter was somewhat *unfriendly*. Next in succession were the old Birmingham favorites, Hammer Lane and Jem Hodgkiss (the latter of whom, by the bye, had, up to this time, officiated most satisfactorily as M. C.) This engagement was the reverse of the last, as it was a most friendly affair, and, from the applause it met with, must have had a very gratifying tendency. The wind-up was between those great cards, the bold Bendy and Tom Sayers's old and brave opponent, Harry Poulson. Bendy, previous to engaging in hostilities, exhibited his belts and other trophies. They had four friendly bouts, and each time met with great applause, showing that they were highly popular with the Birmingham public. The whole affair terminated in the most satisfactory manner.

CHAMPIONSHIP HURDLE RACE.—On Monday, July 21, the great Hurdle race, for a handsome silver cup, value, £10 10 s., and the championship, over 500 hurdles, ten yards apart, came off at Brompton. The competitors were W. Priestly, J. Goulding, and W. Myers. At the commencement of the race, Goulding took the lead, followed by Priestley and Myers; this order was kept for some time, when Myers passed Priestley, and took second place. After a hundred hurdles had been jumped, Priestley gave them both the go-by, and led till 160 had been covered, when Priestley took time to get his second wind. Goulding and Myers retained the first and second places over some twenty hurdles; Priestley then put on the steam, and passed them both, held the lead to the finish, and won by forty hurdles, Goulding beating Myers for second place. Time, 29 min. 5 sec. William Priestley is in his twenty-seventh year, is 5ft 7in in height, and weighs 8st. Goulding is twenty-nine years of age, stands 5ft 5¼in, and weighs 8st 6lb. Myers is twenty-five, stands 5ft 9½in, and weighs 11st. Priestley was waited on by Jones, Goulding by John Sullivan, and Myers by one of his backers.

TROTTING AT HACKNEY WICK.—A trotting match came off on Thursday, July 17th, at Hackney Wick. Mr. W. Pearce (the owner of Daisy, the trotting pony) undertook to run four miles in 30 min., for a bet of £10. He appeared in racing gear at seven o'clock, attended by George Clark. The time-keepers being appointed, he started on his journey, 6 to 4 being offered on time. The first mile was accomplished in 7 min 20 sec; two miles, in 14 min 45 sec; three miles, 22 min 27 sec; and the whole distance in 29 min 50 sec, thus winning by 10 sec, amidst the plaudits of his friends. He was much distressed at the finish, and it was some time before he was himself again.

SHARP PRACTICE.—An off-hand match to walk five miles, for £5 a side, took place on Saturday, June 19, between Harry Fletcher, of York, and an Unknown, on the turnpike road between York and Ripon, from the thirteenth to the fourteenth milestone, in and out. Fletcher was attended by his backers, and the Unknown was waited on by Jim Young, the sprint runner. Some spirited betting took place; Fletcher for choice. On the men stripping, there was a great disparity in their size, Fletcher standing 6ft. 4in. in height, weighing 14st., all bone and sinew; the Unknown about 5ft. 9in., weighing 10st., a compact, muscular-made man. At starting, Fletcher went off with a slashing lead, and at 200 yards was thirty ahead. On reaching the level road some splendid walking was shown by the Unknown, and a buzz of admiration was elicited from the throng of carriages and pedestrians which lined the road, at his fair and manly style. At the half mile he challenged Fletcher for the lead, which he obtained, finishing the first mile about twenty yards in advance. In the second mile Fletcher was still further behind, being about eighty yards in the rear, the Unknown walking as strong as a lion. At the third mile Fletcher's backers, seeing he had no chance, caused him to give up. The Unknown, at the request of scores of gentlemen, walked the remainder of the distance, and the stakes were at once handed over to him. Immediately afterwards he took his departure. The backers of Fletcher were not a little surprised to find they had been contending with William Laycock, of Bradford, the champion walker and weight-thrower! [In common fairness, we must say the backers of Laycock have not much to boast of.—*Ed. S. L.*]

WRESTLING.

WRESTLING MATCH BETWEEN CROSS AND NEWTON.—The Recreation Grounds, Staleybridge, were visited on Saturday, July 19, by several hundreds of the admirers of this species of sport, to witness the match between John Cross, of Ashton, and Joseph Newton, of Staleybridge, to wrestle the best of three back falls, Lancashire fashion, catch as catch can, for the sum of £25 a side; Cross to be catch weight, and Newton not to exceed 7 score; all foul acts barred out; and neither man to be rubbed with any resin, grease, or other pernicious drug. The same two men contested at the Salford Borough Gardens, on October 26, 1861, for the sum of £200 and the Champion's Cup, at 7 score 2lb, on which occasion Newton proved himself the victor in an easy style; and on the present occasion it was thought the difference in weight would make it an even affair between these men. Mr. Holden was stakeholder, and Bouff, the once celebrated athlete, was mutually agreed upon as referee. The betting opened at 2 to 1 on Newton, but before the commencement of hostilities it veered round, and became the like odds on Cross. After cutting a long time to waste, both men entered the arena and "doffed" to wrestling gear: Newton being attended to by the renowned Barrel, of Ashton, and Little Robin of Hollinwood; whilst Cross was attended to by Little Watty, the huntsman and trainer, and the once celebrated Robert Ross, of Waterloo. At three minutes to five in the afternoon, the men shook hands, and at once put themselves on the defensive, and, after tugging away for nine minutes, Cross caught his opponent in a very critical position, and rolled him over. After resting ten minutes, during which time the backers of Newton were trying to get out of the hole by offering any odds, the men again came to the scratch, and when they had been together about five minutes longer, several of the supporters of Newton broke into the ring in a very unceremonious manner to bring "Barney on board; how ever, it was too late, for Cross again brought him to "mother earth," and won the match.

GREAT CRICKET MATCH IN ENGLAND.

NORTH VS SOUTH.

On Monday and Tuesday, July 21st and 22d, this match was played at Lord's Ground for the benefit of James Grundy, the well-known, esteemed, and worthy professional. The weather was fine both days, and about 3,500 people on Monday, and 3,000 on Tuesday, visited the ground, and it is hoped that when the subscription lists are all in, Grundy will have reaped a fitting reward for his twenty years' good service to the Cricket World, during which time his honest independence, his unflagging industry, his fine all-round cricket, and civil, respectful demeanor, has won him the esteem of all classes. The North had a trimming Eleven, strong all round, and with a trio of Colts, in Mr. Mitchell, Mr. F. Wright (a very young gentleman from Rossall School, but a cricketer of rare promise), and Rowbotham as a wicket-keeper. The South were weakened by the absence of Mortlock (hand not *quite* recovered), and the ground being lively, suiting Tarrant to a T, the betting was 6 to 4 on the North; and the betting was perfectly correct, for the North began the batting at twelve o'clock on Monday with Daft and Rowbotham, and the North did not leave till six o'clock, and scored 271 runs. Richard Daft played as Richard Daft, or any other man, rarely played before. He was at the wickets about four and a half hours. He had Willsher, Caffyn, Bennett, Griffith, Sewall, Mr. Traill, Lockyer, and H. H. Stephenson (and most of these eight were on twice), bowling to him, and all bowling in vain to him, for at a quarter past five he was got out by a fluke; the ball hit him on the hand, bounded over his head, and fell on the stump; but what a grand innings he had played in the 118 runs he scored. He made three 5's (all magnificent drives, two from Willsher and one from Griffith), four 4's, (three drives and a cut off H.H.S., Bennett, Willsher, and Mr. Traill), six 3's (all pretty cuts), twelve 2's, and 45 singles. Daft was called up to the Pavilion, and there received the rare honor of the presentation of a prize bat for his magnificent, perfect display of defence and hit. Mr. F. Wright played a good and promising innings of 50—he is a devil to run—but was nearly "run out" when he had scored but 5 runs. He has a fine, free, vigorous style of hitting, and made a 5, three 4's (all drives, and good ones too), four 3's, &c. He is a promising field, too, and will in time be a topping cricketer. Hayward was superbly caught out in the slip by Mr. Traill's right hand, the ball when caught being not more than three or four inches from the ground—it was a rare bit of cricket that. At a quarter past six on Monday evening the South commenced their innings, and by seven o'clock five of them were out for 24 runs. On Tuesday morning they resumed play at ten minutes past twelve, and by one o'clock the other five were used up, the total of the South's first innings being 61 only. Tarrant and Wootton bowled. Old Ben Griffith made a splendid drive for 5 from Tarrant, the ball going past the wood stacks, and a beautiful cut from Wootton for 3 down to the gate; and Mr. Traill showed a long and plucky defence for his 10; but Tarrant put the pace on at such a bat, that wicket after wicket fell as though the South were panic struck. The bowling in this innings is worth noting—here it is:—Tarrant bowled 23 overs (8 maidens) for 26 runs and eight wickets; Wootton bowled 23 overs (10 maidens) for 27 runs and two wickets. Of course the South followed their innings. They did so with Mr. W. Nicholson and Sewell, and lost Sewell, Willsher, Cæsar (magnificently caught out at point by Carpenter), and Griffith, for 39 runs. Mr. Nicholson and Bennett, by plucky play, collared the bowling a bit, and brought the score up to 93, when Mr. Nicholson went for a patient, plucky, and really finely played 40—made by a 4, seven 2's, and 22 singles. Bennett went directly after (score not altered) for 27, well got by a cut for four from Tarrant, three 3's, &c. Caffyn was well bowled (7 for 109), and H. H. Stephenson and Traill (who played another good innings) brought the score up to 144, when Jackson bowled the Kent gentleman. Lockyer made a brace of 3's, when Wootton used him up with the score at 153, and then Tom Hearne (the last Southerner) joined the Australian Captain, who was hitting gloriously—and how they did, to be sure, scarce an over was bowled, but what they pulled some runs out of it; 160, 170, 180, 190 the score was increased to, and all began to hope that the two Australian travellers would, by their fine play, save the South from a one innings' dressing, the more so when—after a fiver, made by H. H. S.—at a quarter past five, the scorer, amid a loud cheer, put up 200; but the very next ball bowled went bang against Tom Hearne's sticks, and the North had won in one innings by ten runs. The North bowling, in this innings, was as under:—

Wootton, 41 overs (16 maidens) for 69 runs, and 5 wickets.
Tarrant, 37 overs (9 maidens) for 75 runs, and 3 wickets.
Jackson, 10 overs (2 maidens) for 19 runs, and 2 wickets.
Hayward, 5 overs (2 maidens) for 11 runs.

Eight of the South Eleven bowled, and there were no less than fourteen changes in the bowling in the North's innings. The South bowled 151 overs (56 maidens) for 262 runs. The following is the full score of the match:—

NORTH.

J Rowbotham b Willsher	9	G Anderson b Stephenson	0
R Daft b Willsher	118	J Jackson b Stephenson	1
R Carpenter c Nicholson b Griffith	18	G Tarrant not out	15
T Hayward c Traill b Willsher	15	G Wootton b Willsher	8
R A Mitchell b Willsher	9	Byes 3, leg byes 4, wides 2	9
G Parr b Sewell	19	Total	271
F W Wright b Willsher	50		

SOUTH.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
W Nicholson, Esq, c Tarrant b Wooton	4	b Jackson	40
G Bennett b Tarrant	1	b Wootton	27
J Cæsar b Tarrant	1	c Carpenter b Tarrant	2
G Griffith b Tarrant	12	b Tarrant	4
W Caffyn b Tarrant	4	b Wootton	5
W F Traill, Esq, b Tarrant	10	b Jackson	13
H H Stephenson c Carpenter b Wootton	1	not out	55
E Willsher b Tarrant	0	b Wootton	1
T Sewell not out	10	b Wootton	6
T Lockyer b Tarrant	11	b Wootton	6
T Hearne b Tarrant	3	b Tarrant	15
Byes 4, leg byes 4	8	Byes 17, leg byes 8, no ball 1	26
Total	61	Total	200

Umpires—Baker and George Chatterton.

CRICKET.

EAST WILLIAMSBURG VS SATELLITE.—A match between these clubs was played on Wednesday, July 30th, on the grounds of the former, which ended in a victory for the East Williamsburg. Appended is the score:—

EAST WILLIAMSBURG.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
H Hadfield b Palin	1	b Tilly	2
H Wilshaw l b w b Palin	4	c Wilson b Fillpot	8
W Wright c Metcalfe b Palin	0	b Tilly	5
T Ward run out	11	b Fillpot	22
J W Hadfield b Palin	0	b Tilly	4
J Wright ht wkt b Brown	0	b Palin	4
W Robertshaw c and b Palin	0	b Tilly	6
J Wilshaw not out	3	b Palin	8
B Ward b Palin	2	not out	2
T Dixon c Tilly b Palin	0	c Hobley b Palin	0
J Hadfield b Tilly	1	b Tilly	0
Byes 4, wide 1	5	Byes, &c	0
Total	27	Total	61

SATELLITE.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Fillpot b Wright	6	b H Wilshaw	0
Metcalfe b Wright	1	run out	1
Hobley, Jr, b Wright	3	b H Wilshaw	1
Fuller c and b H Hadfield	0	c T Ward b Wright	13
Palin c T Ward b H Wilshaw	8	b H Wilshaw	3
Wilson run out	8	b Wright	9
Brown c and b Wright	6	b H Wilshaw	1
Tilly c J Hadfield b H Wilshaw	3	b H Wilshaw	0
Parker not out	0	c and b Wright	3
Booth c H Wilshaw b Wright	2	run out	1
A Hobley b Wright	2	not out	0
Byes 4, wides 2	6	Byes, &c	0
Total	45	Total	32

CRICKET IN CANADA.—The match on July 25, between the Guelph and Hamilton Clubs, on the cricket ground at Hamilton, was an exciting one, in consequence of the apparent equality of the two elevens. Guelph went in first, and scored 72, while Hamilton scored 74. The Guelphites again took the willow, and this time were more successful, placing to their credit 117; but as the day was far advanced, there was no time for further testing the prowess of their opponents, so that the wickets were raised, and according to the laws of the game, the Hamilton club were declared the victors. The following is the score of the first innings:—

GUELPH.		HAMILTON.	
Booth c Kennedy b Sharp	16	Snow b Buckland	1
King b Sharp	0	Kennedy b Booth	3
Logan b Duggan	0	Young b Palmer	34
Strowger c Maitland b Sharp	18	Maitland c Palmer b Buckland	3
Wilson b Sharp	5	Carlisle c and b Booth	0
Langton b Sharp	8	Gillesby c and b Booth	20
Guthrie not out	7	G Sharp c Nichols b Booth	2
Nichols b Sharp	0	Duggan run out	1
Buckland b Sharp	7	O'Reilly b Palmer	2
Colson b Sharp	3	J Sharp c Buckland b Booth	1
Palmer st Gillesby	2	Childs not out	1
Byes 2, leg bye 1, wides 2, n b 1	6	Byes 3, leg bye 1, wides 2	6
Total	72	Total	74

ANOTHER MATCH IN CANADA.—The return match between the New Hamburg, C. W., and Haysville, C. W., Cricket Clubs, was played on the ground of the latter, on Saturday, July 12th. New Hamburg was again victorious, beating their opponents in one innings and 37 runs to spare. The following is the score:—

HAMBURGH—First Innings.

McDonald b Moore	3	Buckerell b O'Connor	0
Stewart c O'Reilly b Blatchford	0	Meggs b O'Connor	39
Garner c Johnson b O'Connor	8	Hamilton c Tye b Blatchford	2
Zinn b Johnson	6	King c and b Blatchford	12
Boosey not out	2	Byes	3
Germann b Young	15	Total	95
Holwell c O'Reilly b O'Con'r	5		

HAYSVILLE.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
F Brown b Meggs	0	c Stewart	0
Blatchford b Hamilton	5	b Hamilton	4
C Brown not out	13	b Hamilton	4
Johnson c Germann	2	b Meggs c Stewart	0
O'Connor run out	0	b Hamilton	2
Moore c Stewart	0	b Meggs	1
Tye b Hamilton	3	b Hamilton	2
Young c McDonald	1	b Meggs	2
Long b Meggs	4	l b w b Meggs	1
O'Reilly b Hamilton	3	not out	1
Davis b Hamilton	3	b Meggs	0
Byes	6	Byes	1
Total	40	Total	18

CRICKET AT MONTREAL, C. E.—A match was played there on the 23d ult. between elevens of the Britannia and Grand Trunk Clubs which, for the third time, resulted in a tie. See the score:—

GRAND TRUNK.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
J Smith b Stewart	0	b Ross	0
Surgeon c Stewart b Tester	2	b Ross	0
Fenwick c Smith b Stewart	3	c and b Stewart	0
Hill c Kenworthy b Tester	0	b Tester	5
Matimore b Stewart	0	not out	1
Kidd b Stewart	14	b Stewart	0
McKay b Stewart	21	c Gouldthrop b Ross	4
Hughes b Stewart	7	c Bundle b Tester	0
Holland c Bundle b Stewart	0	b Tester	0
Ethell b Tester	1	c Tester b Stewart	4
Wakefield not out	5	b Ross	10
Byes	2	Bye	1
Total	55	Total	25

BRITANNIA.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Stewart b Hughes	2	run out	0
Bundle run out	0	hit wkt	1
Ross b Hill	9	b Hill	30
Gouldthrop run out	10	b Hughes	0
Tester c Kidd b Hughes	0	c McKay b Hughes	1
Lutrell c Kidd b Hughes	0	b Hill	10
Fessenden b Hughes	5	c and b Hughes	3
Kenworthy b Hill	0	b Hughes	0
Nightingale c Hughes b Hill	2	c Matimore b Hughes	0
W Fessenden b Hughes	0	not out	3
E Smith not out	0	b Hughes	1
Byes	2	Bye	1
Total	30	Total	50

BRILLIANT CRICKET.—We append the score of an innings played in England on the 17th and 18th ult., between the New Norfolk and a Cambridge eleven, in which, by splendid batting, the former scored 442 runs! to which three reverends contributed by their joint efforts, 111. If they can handle a text as they do the bat, Spurgeon and Beecher should take back seats. See the score:—

NORFOLK—First Innings.

Hon F DeGrey c Perkins b Prest	57
Mr A Willett c Fellowes b Pigott	14
Mr T E Bagge b Woodham	47
Mr G R Johnson c Woodham b Perkins	43
Rev E Wilkins c Phillipps b Hohlyn	36
Mr H W Salter b Bayliff	113
Mr J S Mott b Perkins	4
Rev J M Dolphin c Perkins b Bayliff	64
Mr W G Salter c Pigott b Perkins	9
Rev H Lubboch not out	11
Mr R Gurdon run out	1
Byes 24, leg byes 6, wides 13	43
Total	442

CRICKET AT HAMILTON, C. W.—The return match between Major Hoste's Battery, R. A., and Capt. Slade's Company Rifle Brigade, was played on the 21st ult., at Hamilton, and proved a very close affair, as exhibited in the annexed score:—

RIFLES.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
W Grant, Esq, c Lockwood b Mills	2	l b w b Butterworth	4
Pte Lawrence c and b Butterworth	15	c and b Syrett	10
Corp Brill c Stacey b Butterworth	4	b Mills	3
Corp Holden b Mills	0	b Mills	0
Sergt Yeates c Butterworth b Mills	4	c Mills b Butterworth	3
Capt Slade b Butterworth	13	b Butterworth	78
Pte Haylor b Butterworth	1	hit wkt	1
Corp Bodger b Butterworth	0	c Syrett	8
Pte King not out	0	b Syrett	1
Pte Hall b Butterworth	0	c Mills b Syrett	2
Corp Elliott b Butterworth	0	not out	0
Byes	4	Wides 5, byes 6, leg bye 1	12
Total	43	Total	122

ROYAL ARTILLERY.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Syrett b Capt Slade	0	b Brill	8
Avis c King b Brill	49	b Brill	2
Lockwood st Brill b Grant	6	l b w b Slade	8
Brown b Slade	17	b Slade	0
McDonald run out	0	b Slade	5
Lowther c Brill b Slade	6	b Brill	0
Lt Anderson b Brill	12	b Slade	3
Butterworth l b w b Slade	8	run out	1
Bennett c and b Slade	2	not out	0
Mills not out	6	b Slade	1
Stacey b Slade	1	b Brill	0
Wides 2, byes 12, leg byes 2	16	Wides 2, byes 5, leg bye 1	8
Total	125	Total	36

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J. L. GILBERT,	R. FREDERICKS,
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Artists visiting California should visit this magnificent Dramatic Temple before engaging elsewhere, as it is by far the largest and most commodious Theatre. The Management of this House have also the control of the principal Theatres in Stockton and Sacramento. 52-tf

PARTICULAR NOTICE.
W. H. DONALDSON,
THE MOST DARING ROPE WALKER IN THE WORLD,
Having but just finished a very successful engagement in Philadelphia, and also at Baltimore, is about starting on a tour through the Western States.
Managers and others desirous of securing his services, will address the undersigned, care of FRANK QUEEN, CLIPPER Office, N. Y. City. HARRY GILBERT, Agent for
11-8t W. H. DONALDSON.

PITTSBURGH THEATRE.
THE ABOVE THEATRE IS NOW OPEN.
The Fall Season will open on or about the first of September. Ladies and Gentlemen wishing engagments will direct to the Pittsburgh Theatre early as possible. Stars will find it to their advantage to arrange for time. Liberal terms offered.
8-tf WM. HENDERSON, Sole Lessee and Manager.

CALIFORNIA THEATRICAL AGENCY.—SHERIDAN CORBYN would respectfully inform members of the dramatic, Musical, or Equestrian professions, that he has established an Agency in San Francisco, and is prepared to negotiate engagements and transact all other business pertaining to the profession. Address SHERIDAN CORBYN, San Francisco, Cal.
N. B.—All letters requiring answers must contain a stamp to pre-pay the same. 46-6m

ACADEMY OF MUSIC—MILWAUKEE, WIS.—The Fall Season of this beautiful Theatre will open about the 15th of August. Ladies and Gentlemen wishing engagements, will address the Manager as soon as possible. STARS can arrange for time, by addressing S. DRAPER, Sole Lessee and Manager. 13-6t*

WOLF'S CONTINENTAL MUSIC HALL, late Continental Theatre, Philadelphia. First class performers treated with on liberal terms. Address WM. WOLF, Continental Music Hall, Philadelphia. 14-tf

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Cleveland, Ohio., Ladies and Gentlemen wishing to engage for the coming Fall and Winter season, commencing on or about the 8th of September, will please address, post paid, I. ELLSLER, Jr., Manager. 14-tf

THEATRE ROYAL,
MONTREAL, CANADA.
STARS desirous of visiting Montreal, can apply to
8-tf* J. W. BUCKLAND, Lessee.

AMERICAN MUSIC HALL,
444 BROADWAY. 444 BROADWAY. 444
OPEN EVERY EVENING,
WITH THE LARGEST AND MOST VERSATILE TROUPE
ever concentrated in any place of Amusement
IN THE WORLD.
Behold the Constellation of Talent:
SAM RYAN,
TONY PASTOR, CHARLEY WHITE,
H. W. EAGAN, BOB HART, L. SIMMONS,
J. PIERCE, F. LEE,
MONS LA THORNE,
MISS ERNESTINE DE FAIBER,

MLLE HAIDEE,	JULIA CHRISTINE,
JENNIE ENGLE,	MILLIE FLORA,
FLORENCE RIVERS,	KATE HARRISON,
HELENA CHARLES,	FRANK MONELL,

TOGETHER WITH THE
GREAT BALLET TROUPE,
And a full and efficient Orchestra, under the supervision of
FRED VON OLKER.
ADMISSION.
Gallery, 10 cents; Parquette, 20 cents; Orchestra Chairs, 50 cts; Private Boxes, $3.
Doors open at 7, performance commences at 8 o'clock, precisely.
ROBERT W. BUTLER, Proprietor.
MONS LA THORNE, Stage Manager. 18-tf

THE HIPPOZOONOMADON.
L. B. LENT.....Manager.
The Hippozoonomadon is the largest Exhibition in the world, consisting of a grand consolidation of
FIVE DISTINCT EXHIBITIONS,
Blended together, and exhibited under
ONE MAMMOTH PAVILION,
FOR ONE SINGLE PRICE OF ADMISSION, VIZ:
LENT'S MAMMOTH NATIONAL CIRCUS,
From Niblo's Garden, New York;
S. S. STICKNEY'S GREAT WESTERN CIRCUS,
From Cincinnati and St. Louis;
J. G. SHEPARD'S GREAT EASTERN CIRCUS,
From the Athenæum, Boston;
G. C. QUICK'S HIPPOPOTAMUS, OR BEHEMOTH,
From the White Nile, Egypt;
SANDS, NATHANS & CO.'S
GREAT PERFORMING ELEPHANTS,
Victoria and Albert, Anthony and Cleopatra,
From Cook's Royal Amphitheatre, London;
Will exhibit at MONTREAL, QUEBEC, and all the principal Towns in Canada East, in September, 1862. 18-1t

BOSTON MUSEUM.
FOX'S
RAVEL TROUPE,
Now performing with immense success at this establishment.
The Troupe comprise the following first class Artists:
ANNETTA GALLETTI,
A. M. HERNANDEZ,

MLLE MARIA ZOE,	MONS VELARDE,
MONS A. GROSSI,	MONS LEHMAN.
MONS F. SEGRIST,	MONS A. SEGRIST,
MR. B. YATES,	MONS P. RAVEL,
MR. JAMES PILGRIM,	MONS P. BERGER,
MR. W. DULANY,	MONS DEVERNI.

GRAND CORPS DE BALLET.
The celebrated
RAVEL PANTOMIMES.
NEW AND SPLENDID ATTRACTIONS
OF
EXTRAORDINARY BRILLIANCY
BY THE
COMBINATION OF STARS,
Who are acknowledged to be the
VERY BEST ARTISTS OF THE AGE.
17 JAMES PILGRIM, Business Manager.

BALTIMORE MUSEUM TO LET.—This old established and centrally located place of amusement is to let, by the night, week, or month, for *first class exhibitions only*. The MUSEUM is located on corner of Calvert and Baltimore streets, in the immediate vicinity of all the principal hotels, and is capable of seating 800 persons. The place is well stocked with scenery, and is now undergoing a thorough repairing. Managers or agents of first class exhibitions visiting Baltimore, will find it to their interest to engage the Museum, as it can be had for a very cheap rent, and is the best located place of amusement in Baltimore. Minstrels, Magicians, Panoramas, &c., will receive liberal sharing terms by addressing. ALBERT LEE, or JOHN P. SMITH, Melodeon, Balt., Md.
N.B.—Proprietors of *Concert Rooms* need not apply, as the Museum will be rented to *first class exhibitions only*. 14-8t

BOWERY THEATRE AND CONCERT HALL.
ST. LOUIS, MO.
J. E. ESHER,.....Proprietor. | JAMES RILEY, Stage Manager.
JOHN BENARD,.....Musical Director.
ADMISSION 10 AND 25 CENTS.
The following artists are now performing at this establishment:

MISS SALLIE MASON,	MISS LIZZIE DAVIS,
MISS LEONORA,	MISS FRANK CHRISTIE,
THEODORE THOMPSON,	HERR SPRUNG,
JOHN BENARD,	JOHNNY CAMPBELL,
L. DEBURGER,	J. COLE,
B. H. COLLINS,	J. C. CAMPBELL.

Ladies and Gentlemen of known ability can always secure an engagement by addressing, J. E. ESHER, Proprietor. 47

BALTIMORE MUSEUM.
Sole Lessee.....ALBERT LEE.
The above place of Amusement is now open for Dramatic purposes alone. Ladies and Gentlemen of acknowledged ability wishing engagements for the Fall and Winter Season, direct as above. First class Stars liberally treated with.
17-4t C. HENRI, Stage Manager.

WASHINGTON HALL,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
This new and Commodious Hall, just completed, is unsurpassed for Exhibitions, Concerts, Lectures, Fairs, Parties, &c., and is the largest Hall in Western New York. It has connected with it, Suits of Rooms for dressing and dining purposes, together with other modern improvements; and will be rented at prices that will induce the public to prove its acoustic properties, which are pronounced unrivalled. Address
JABEZ COLLINS, Rochester, N. Y.,
corner Main and Clinton streets,
16-3m or A. E. FULLER, Agent.

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE,
LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.
This truly elegant and very beautiful theatre is kept open during the whole of the year.
AMERICAN STARS,
of acknowledged position and talent negotiated with, for long or short engagements, as mutual interests may require.
Address, ALEX. HENDERSON,
45tf Sole Lessee and Proprietor.

FOR SALE.—The Lease, Fixtures, and Good Will of the Continental Hotel and Opera House, Baltimore, (adjoining the Holliday Street Theatre) with all their appurtenances. The position is central, and in a good locality. The Hotel and Opera House were planned by the Proprietor, and they are heated throughout by steam. Besides being adapted for both purposes, great care was taken to have them comfortable, and to contain all the necessary conveniences. Any person wishing to engage in the above business, will find it to their advantage to call upon the proprietor, Wm. ELLINGER, who is necessarily obliged to dispose of it, on account of being engaged in another business, which requires all his attention. The rent is paid by paying ten per cent. on the annual amount of the receipts accruing from the place. 17-3t*

TO MAGICIANS, NECROMANCERS, AND WIZARDS.—That superb and gorgeous cabinet which formerly belonged to ROBERT HELLER—containing more modern experiments than any paraphernalia ever exhibited, all in perfect order, packed in snug cases, convenient for travelling—will be sold to pay charges. The price for the whole cabinet is twelve hundred dollars, which is only one-fifth of the original cost. A visit to New Orleans will repay parties desirous of purchasing, as the cabinet is of a far richer and costlier description than may be imagined from a single advertisement.
Apply to D. BIDWELL,
17-4t* Academy of Music, New Orleans, La.

THEATRICAL MANAGERS.—SAM CANTY, Esq., the well known author of several of our most popular dramas, having just completed the patriotic sketch entitled, "The Traitor's Dream; or, The Reunion of the North and South," consisting of a series of Scenes and Tableaux, with 1000 Lithographs representing the different Tableaux, is now prepared, with his entire Troupe, to take engagements for six or twelve nights. Managers wishing to engage the CANTY TROUPE, can do so by applying to JAS. CONNER, Theatrical Agent, 614½ Broadway. 15-tf

THEATRICAL MANAGERS.—JOHN T. POWER, the celebrated Irish Comedian and Vocalist, son of the late Tyrone Power, is now on his way from Australia. Managers wishing to engage the above Artist for nights, commencing on or about August 1, will apply to JAMES CONNER, Theatrical Agent, 614½ Broadway. 15tf

NOTICE TO MANAGERS.—Col. T. ALLSTON BROWN, Advertising Agent for Nixon's Cremorne Garden, is desirous of an engagement as Advertising Agent or Treasurer, for any Star or Troupe. From the fact of having had considerable experience, he is well acquainted with Managers and the "Press" throughout the United States and Canada. Knows every part of the country well. Address him at this Office. 14

NEW MEMPHIS THEATRE.—Ladies and Gentlemen wishing engagements for the season of '62 and '63, can make application by letter until August 20th, at Memphis. After that date I will be in New York. — W. C. THOMPSON, Manager,
16-4t New Memphis Theatre.

CANTERBURY HALL,
WASHINGTON, D. C.
THE MODEL CONCERT HALL OF THE WORLD.
NO WAITER GIRLS EMPLOYED.
The Company now engaged at this popular establishment, is
ONE OF THE BEST IN THE COUNTRY.
We employ no second rate Artists, but each one a Performer of the highest grade. No expense is spared, and no opportunity is overlooked to secure fresh novelty and superior Talent.
The most renowned and popular Professionals are secured for our patrons.
The greatest and most Artistic of
MINSTRELS, VOCALISTS, COMEDIANS,
DANCERS, PANTOMIMISTS, ACROBATS,
and Performers of every kind, possessing sterling merit, are to be found at
CANTERBURY HALL, WASHINGTON, D. C.,
AND
LIBERTY HALL, ALEXANDRIA, Va.
Ladies and gentlemen of acknowledged ability, wishing engagements for the Fall Season, will apply to
GEO. PERCIVAL, & Co., Washington, D. C.,
stating lowest terms, time, &c.
GEO. PERCIVAL & Co., Proprietors of
Canterbury Hall, Washington, D. C.,
18-2t* and Liberty Hall, Alexandria, Va.

METROPOLITAN VARIETIES,
(LATE THEATRE.)
L. M. BAYLESS.....Proprietor.
J. R. WHITE.....Stage Manager.
THE ONLY FIRST CLASS PLACE OF AMUSEMENT IN DETROIT.
THE LARGEST AND BEST COMPANY IN THE WEST.
THE BEST ORCHESTRA IN THE WEST.
THE MOST COMPLETE STAGE AND SCENERY.
All the prominent Stars of the Concert Halls treated with on liberal terms. Communications from the Profession solicited.
Address L. M. BAYLESS,
18- Metropolitan Varieties, Detroit, Mich.

REYNOLDS & PIERCE'S
FAR-FAMED
CAMPBELL MINSTRELS,
Now en-route for New York State and the Canadas.
The Troupe is composed of the following well known Artists:

W. W. PIERCE,	J. H. REYNOLDS,
J. E. HARTEL,	FRANK WESTON,
C. D. ABBOTT,	D. PALMER,
G. E. DAVISON,	WM. McCRACKEN,

Master HARRY WELLS.
18-1t* J. T. RAYMOND, Agent.

CARR'S MELODEON,
BUFFALO, N. Y.
This splendid new Establishment will open 1st of September.
CONCERT PERFORMERS,
or first class Artists in the Concert or Burlesque Operatic business, both Star and Stock, can find good engagements.
None but first class need apply, stating terms and prices.
Apply to THOS. CARR, Manager,
18-2t* New Arcade Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

CORINTHIAN HALL,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
This long established and popular place of Amusement, continues under the same Management that for 13 years of assiduous attention to the comfort and convenience of its patrons, has won for it the reputation of being one of the most popular and best conducted places of Amusement in the State.
Apply personally, or by letter, to
W. A. REYNOLDS,
18-2t* 59 Arcade, Rochester, N. Y.

TO MANAGERS.—Responsible Managers of Shows, Concert Halls, &c., will please bear in mind that G. W. KIRBYE & SON, who are universally admitted by the public and press to be the most versatile performers on record, are prepared to negotiate upon liberal terms. The following constitute a few of their leading acts: General Gymnastics and Feats of Strength, Magic, Ventriloquism; also, utility business, such as Pantomime, Farce, and Ethiopian, &c. Terms easy. Address the above, No. 1114 Division street, Philadelphia, Pa., or care of N. Y. CLIPPER. 18-1t

BALTIMORE MELODEON.—First class Performers of all kinds can secure good engagements, by applying to
ALBERT LEA, Manager and Proprietor Melodeon,
Baltimore.
N. B. I will pay more salary to good Performers than any other Concert Saloon in America. 18-tf

CARD.—On and after the 27th of August, all communications can be addressed to me, at my residence, No. 31 Clarke street, corner of Spring street, New York. KATE PENNOYER. 18-1t

OUR LETTER BOX.

☞ We have letters for Messrs. H. Sinclair, Charlie White, Geo. J. Deagle, Wm. Arlington, Rhody Maguire, Robt. Butler, (comedian,) and the Misses Adah Isaacs Menken, and Eva Brent.

CITY SUMMARY.

MONDAY, Aug. 11, 1862.

The week has been one of much excitement, much talk, and much unnecessary alarm; caused, for the most part, by the order for drafting, and which affected nearly every class of society. It was the talk in the street, in the private residence, in the mart of trade, and in the public places of amusement. Everybody seemed to have something to say about drafting, and many bethought themselves of the most potent means for evading the draft. The theatres, which have been doing little or nothing since the news of the seven days' fighting near Richmond, received another knock-down from the draft. Actors and actresses gagged at it on the stage, and audiences gagged at it, off. It seemed unpalatable to all alike, and yet it was the general opinion that something of the kind is really necessary, if the "great republic" is to be preserved intact. "Exempts" thought that everybody should be rejoiced at the draft. "Non-exempts" suggested that if one class of people were exempted, *all* classes should be. "Able-bodied men" have become very scarce, and one might imagine that an epidemic was raging, so "sickly" has our usually robust population suddenly become. People were looking about in all quarters for physicians, who at once assumed an unusual degree of importance, and gave out "prescriptions" for "disability" as fast as they could write them. Very few persons thought of the theatres or other public places of amusement, and the result was a more than beggarly account of empty seats, and, consequently, empty cash-boxes. Many of the player people begin to think that it would pay better to join the army than to "act upon the stage," for in the army they are sure of their pork and beans, lodging, and a change of clothes; while in the "profession," nothing is certain but hard times. Managers are calculating how much they will lose next season, instead of how much they will make. Everything is topsy turvy, and no one knows how to trim the sails to catch whatever favorable breeze may spring up.

The charitable testimonial for the benefit of Professor Anderson, the magician, took place according to announcement, on Monday evening, Aug. 4th, the receipts, we understand, being about $600, which is much less than was generally expected would be realized. This sum will go but a little way towards relieving the Professor, for his losses, during his recent managerial career, are represented to have been very heavy. There were a great many high-sounding names attached to the complimentary tender, but the owners of them did not work very hard to make the affair a financial success, or they would have turned up a better deal than $600; but big names don't appear to be of much account in these war times, and a man stands just as good a chance with Bill Green, Jack Butts, or Jake Peters tacked on to a complimentary testimonial, as he does with the name of the Hon. Peletiah Palmerston, Judge Vesey, Brigadier Gen. Simpson Travers, and Col. Laundry. Big people are so very plenty now-a-days that they are a glut in the market, and you can get a whole string of them on a "complimentary committee" for a very small cost. Titled people are really more plenty now than roughs, and we don't know but it would be better to let 'em slide, for all the good they do. People think it about time to let the complimentaries slide, too, and we think "the people" are about right.

444 it is. The 11th it is. Just so. Yes, no mistake about it. The American Music Hall, 444 Broadway, opens this evening (11th), the piety of the Police Department permitting. If Friend Kennedy and the Board of Commissioners, would just attend, some evening, in their official capacity, as we have no doubt they have often done as individual members of a laughter-loving community, we have no doubt that they would draw up (and unanimously pass) the most enthusiastic resolutions to the effect that the American Music Hall, 444 Broadway, is "the music hall of the masses" by general acclamation. Easy is "the descent" from headquarters in Broome street to 444 Broadway, and easy would be the expression of gratified pleasure at witnessing such artists as Tony Pastor, Sam Ryan, Charley White, Bob Hart, H. W. Eagan, J. Pierce, F. Lee, L. Simmons, and Mons. La Thorne; and then there are the pretty girls, not exactly "waiter girls" to be sure, but waiting for a friendly hand to applaud their exertions to please in their several lines of artistic excellence, such as Mdlle. Haidee, Julia Christine, Ernestine de Faiber, Millie Flora, Frank Monell, Helena Charles, Jennie Engle, Kate Harrison, and all the other Kates and Sues who cater and sue for popular applause to help them in obtaining an honest living from managers—those hard individuals who become more hardened by contracts and conflicts with the money-making world. However, R. W. Butler and Mons. La Thorne are just the boys to "live and let live," so let us all give them a boost.

A mixed up concern, called the Ravel Troupe, made their appearance on the 4th inst., at Niblo's Garden, and although considerable preliminary puffing was indulged in, yet the receipts did not foot up more than $500, which is not up to the Ravel standard. The attendance through the week has been fair to middling; better, in fact, than the worn-out performances warranted. "What's in a name?" somebody (Bouciault, may be) once pertinently asked. In the case of the present so-called Ravel troupe we might answer, the name is everything; for judging from the performances of the company on Friday evening last, the new concern appeared to be at a great discount when compared with the Ravel Family of old. A two-third house was about the figure on the evening in question, when the *habitues* underwent a par-boiling process. "Hottest" does not begin to express the state of the atmosphere, and we were surprised to see so many there. The performance commenced with "The Whites and the Browns," a whitey-brown affair, indeed, which even the efforts of T. Placide, J. G. Burnett, L. R. Shewell, the Misses Mary Wells, Emma Taylor and J. Henry, failed to make passably entertaining. It was almost without pith, point or plot, and to persecute an audience with such trash on such a night, is cause sufficient to warrant sending the manager to Fort Lafayette. The old pantomime, "Jeannette and Jeannot," founded on a conscription scene in France, was almost as bad, containing but few tricks, and those as old as the hills. "The Three Flying Trapeze" feat, proved, however, a redeeming feature. It was executed by Young America, a handsome lad of about twelve years of age, and the most perfect miniature model of muscular symmetry that we ever beheld. He was rapturously applauded on appearing, and more so on retiring. So far as the feat itself is concerned, it is not, in our opinion, so dangerous as Hanlon's, as performed at the Academy of Music. The wires were not so high from the platform, nor were they so far apart; nevertheless, the youthful athlete performed his twelve feats with a dexterity and consummate confidence truly surprising, and his somersaults were gracefully executed. Taking his few years into consideration, he is a wonder, and is fully entitled to be classed with a Hanlon or a Blondin.

That "injunction" to restrain G. L. Fox from performing at the old Bowery has had the desired effect, whether "served" or not, for Mr. Fox has not performed since. The publication of the "contract" in last week's CLIPPER has changed the current of affairs somewhat, and many of those who were previously disposed to "sympathise" with Mr. Fox, now look upon the affair in a different light, and sympathise with Mr. Lingard, who, throughout this unpleasant business, has acted with great fairness and liberality to Mr. Fox. In addition to the thousand dollars paid to Mr. F. by the terms of the contract, Mr. Lingard voluntarily gave him a benefit, the result of which was the presentation to Mr. Fox, on the morning after, of a check for $600. Mr. Fox also had the privilege of playing three or four star engagements at the New Bowery, yearly, which would yield him a good living. Thus it will be seen that, instead of manifesting the slightest desire to deprive Mr. Fox of the means of earning a living, he actually suggested the means by which that living might be made, and for which good action Mr. Lingard should be commended. The dissolution of partnership was a fair business transaction. Mr. Lingard was willing to sell or buy, but gave Mr. Fox the choice. The latter preferred to sell; the contract was made, signed and sealed, and Mr. Fox was paid the consideration money in full. Mr. Lingard is entitled to the sympathy of the public, and we are glad to find that the people have now a better understanding in regard to the facts of the case.

In these days of passive stagnation and active stupidity, a grand crash of electricity is quite refreshing. The "management" up at the Florence-Wallack establishment, has seen fit to withdraw the "privileges" of deadheadism from one of the weekly "crickets," one of the results is that the particular "crickets" concerned, has taken the liberty to expose the subsequent fact that, on the closing of the aforesaid house last Wednesday evening, (in consequence of a domestic affliction which caused a postponement of the performances), the said (or supposed) performances were described in certain morning papers of last Thursday as "received by one of the finest audiences of the season, with peals of laughter, general hilarity, and every demonstration of delight." Pretty fair for a retort. *We* pay our way. One of our friends was present, and he yet holds the ticket by which he is entitled to witness a performance on some other evening in place of the performance that was omitted in fact, although so boastingly puffed last Thursday morning. The audience was very slim, and must have been astonished to find out about those "peals of laughter, general hilarity, and every demonstration of delight." Something new every morning, now-a-days. A little truth once a week comes quite acceptable. Speaking about withdrawing the "privileges of the press" from the party in question, we might remark that the theatre will be the loser, for the press confers more benefit upon the theatres than it receives from them; and we think a manager must be somewhat deranged when he withdraws the "privileges of the press" from a critic, merely because the latter may have been independent enough to utter some truth which might not be considered "all praise" by the manager. The New York press should refuse to acknowledge the theatre or its manager until an apology is tendered the disfranchised critic. That is the way they do such things in Paris.

In consequence of the death of Miss Josephine Pray, the youngest sister of Mrs. Florence, the performances of Mr. and Mrs. Florence at Wallack's New Theatre, at the conclusion of the first piece, were temporarily postponed on the 6th Aug., and the audience dismissed with tickets entitling them to admission on some other evening. The departed young lady was scarcely known in the profession, and certainly not to the public, being an invalid, but Mrs. Florence could not rally from the shock of grief caused by the sudden bereavement she had just experienced.

Among the pleasant fellows who "looked in" upon us Yorkers and aroond Broadway, last week, was Mr. Jos. D. Murphy, the accomplished business agent and treasurer for Mrs. John Drew's Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia. Joseph seems to be in admirable preservation, and made his "election sure" as a finder out of other pleasant fellows.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Davenport were the stars of attraction at the New Bowery last week, opening on the 4th inst., to a fair but not large house. They remain there this week.

It is somewhat remarkable that "fireworks" have formed one of the principal attractions at Nixon's, since the hot weather set in.

The Winter Garden has again closed, disastrously to the management, we should judge. The complimentary to the manager, Mr. Fleming, has been postponed, for the present. The hot spell has left everybody in a state of collapse, and few care to take a warm bath in a theatre, just now.

That "some things may be done as well as others" is nightly proved at Wood's Minstrel Hall, 514 Broadway, where, (strange as the announcement may seem to the uninitiated,) people now go to "cool off." Those high Trinity-Church windows on each side, and around about, with their various appliances for modification, are just the things for the present exalted state of the thermometer. Another thing, being right opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel, strangers never need any other guide than getting into Broadway. After that, popping into Wood's is a sure pop. The fun that gets going when Eph Horn, Charley Fox, Cool White, and the other cool geniuses, as they get on the stage, causes us ordinary mortals to laugh off our caloric, and go home quite cool and philosophical. That's so. Bully for an evening in the Woods! where the Cool manager manages things cool enough.

We learn that it is the intention of an enterprising member of the theatrical profession, now occupying a prominent position in the United States Army, to raise a regiment, officered and filled, as far as practical, with members of the profession. We see by the Philadelphia papers that a regiment now forming there is officered by several of them, and they would be transferred to the Actors' Regiment. Any of our readers who may be desirous of joining this new regiment, can obtain further particulars by addressing Lieut. Alex. Fisher, N. W. corner of 12th and Coates street, Philadelphia. The attention of our large cities is requested. Well done, Philadelphia!

At the Old Bowery we do not find such houses as usually greet the performances there. J. H. Allen was very successful while starring about the country lately, with Laura Keene's version of "The Peep o'Day," and we are somewhat surprised that the Bowery boys should go back and "cool off" upon it. Perhaps Laura Keene's performances have run the piece into the ground, as far as this city is concerned. Fanny Herring, Miss Gilbert, and Harry Chapman, try their best to please, as usual. The afterpieces are generally well selected, and given with good spirit. Why can't we be treated to another injunction "conjunction?"

Reynolds & Pierce's Campbell Minstrels are on the move again, as may be seen in our classification of their department in this week's news. Billy Pierce, brother of Alf, may or may not have found his brother John, as inquired for by us last week; but we had the pleasure of seeing J. H. Reynolds the other day, in our sanctum, and (sly rogue) he has been on here and married a lady belonging to one of our most respectable families. J. H. R. looks as if he could "pass the doctor" for either enlisting in the war, or insuring his life on the most favorable terms. Like "Young Lochinvar, he came from the West," and now returns to Erie, Pa., to rejoin his comrades in biz. See "Minstrelsy," in another column.

Squire Bland—Humphrey himself—is in town, and talks about opening his little box—Carusi's old stand—in Washington, on the 1st Sept. Go in, Humphrey!

William Wallis, glorious in second old men, formerly at the Arch, Philadelphia, has been engaged by Manager Wheatley, for the next season at Niblo's Garden. Well done, Villiams!

There is something stupidly steep in saying that such a thorough artist as J. W. Wallack, Jr., has been engaged to "support" Miss Bateman at the Winter Garden, but the assertion serves to show the sickening sycophancy with which otherwise well-informed newspapers may sometimes be gulled. Fact.

One of the latest jokes of the season is that Manager W. M. Fleming has taken Wallack's old stand, in order to infuse it with some of his recent successes!

DRAMATIC.

The theatres in Philadelphia are like the prisons of Venice, closed to all except those who have business there. Mrs. M. A. Garrettson of the Walnut, is quite indisposed. This theatre is not to be opened till late in September.

Among those engaged by Manager Henderson of the Pittsburgh theatre, for appearance there, is Miss Alice Placide, who opens on the 6th of October for two weeks.

Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, will be opened by its spirited proprietor, about the 15th Sept. Robert Jones has been engaged as stage manager. Emily Thorne is to be the first star, and we may certainly expect to find our Cincinnati friends take to star gazing quite naturally.

Robert Jones, the versatile author as well as actor, has been written to by Miss Elise De Courcy, (the lady manager whose recent movements in England were mentioned in our Foreign items of last week), in order to secure the privilege of performing his pieces on the British or Irish stage. Such an arrangement must be mutually beneficial.

We regret to record the death of Alfred Hart, usually known to the public as Alfred Howell, who died at Brighton, Mass., on the 3d. He was born in England in 1809, and was brought here by Manager Barry, who retained him at the Boston Theatre for about five years. Deceased next went to New Orleans, and was doing very well when the secession difficulties caused him to return North. Since that time, he lived in voluntary privacy at Brighton. The funeral ceremonies took place at his late re-

dence on the 6th, and his remains were interred at Mount Auburn Cemetery.

The Defiance, Cairo, has been dishing up "Uncle Tom's Cabin" by "particular request." The six-act version was adopted. J. B. Curran was the Uncle Tom, Mrs. Frank Graham the Topsy, Miss Kate Putnam the Eva, T. S. Holland the Simon Legree, F. Roche the Gumption Cute, and Frank Graham the Deacon Perry. The piece was produced for the first time there on the 1st Aug., and seemed good for one week, anyhow, on the strength of the "awful respectability" of the parties making the "particular request."

The Baltimore Museum is now in full biz., and the company has been filled up mainly from the Arch and the Walnut, Philadelphia. Its stage now has Messrs. W. Wallis, S. Hemple, D. Riley, C. Henri, Geo. Wallis, Labreni and son, with Mesdames Berrell, Eva Brent, Helena Smith, Louise Miller, Lizzie Price, etc. Afternoon performances are given on Saturdays, and this museum now promises to be a successful place of amusement. Prof. Gaul leads the orchestra. Albert Lea is the sole lessee. Such light pieces as "Why Don't She Marry?" or, "The Stage Struck Tailor," seem suitable for the season.

Enemy or no enemy, New York's Own Seventh keeps up a fire of fun while reposing in perfect efficiency at Fort Federal Hill, near Baltimore. On the 2d, they had another good Saturday night time, delighting the citizens and ladies who came over from the city to witness the performances. The programme commenced with some fine selections for the regimental band, under the leadership of Professor Grafulla. Then the instigation scene from "Othello." Next, a large and varied interlude of vocal or musical gems; concluding with the first act of "London Assurance." Speaking of fire, the boys have also improvised a fire company, the Baltimore authorities having loaned them a double decker, No. 9. There are fifty members. They have John H. Steel, (Exempt Engine Co.) for chief; Sam Cavutier, (33 Engine) foreman; Joseph T. Porter, (Hook and Ladder 1), assistant; McGarrey, (Hose 1), foreman hose; Hyatt, (11 Hose), assistant do. hose. The hose is a jumper, and requires ten men. This makes the N. Y. S. M. 7th show out completely as a "National Guard."

We understand that Miss Charlotte Thompson is having a new play translated from the German, and intends producing it during her engagement at the Walnut, Philadelphia, in October. We hope that little Lotty may do well with this artistic effort. Mr. Loraine Rogers is her biz. agent, we believe.

That Hernandez affair at Boston has now got into the Police Court, criminal proceedings having been commenced by Manager W. B. English. The "first appearance" of the parties there, (so far as we know), or, at any rate, in relation to this matter, took place on the 5th, and Justice Rogers ordered the examination for the 8th, requiring $500 bail in the mean time. There seemed to to be a "fox" somewhere, under cover, but whether an English fox or not, remained to be un-ravel-ed.

We have for a long time advocated the necessity of a first-class theatre in Philadelphia, and we are now given to understand that a new edifice is about to be erected in that city, which will surpass any place of the kind ever built there. The new theatre is to occupy a large plot of ground on Chestnut street, above 12th, adjoining what is known as Concert Hall. It is the same spot where Mrs. D. P. Bowers made a commencement towards the erection of a new theatre a year or two ago, but which had to be abandoned for the want of the necessary capital. The buildings standing upon the ground when Mrs. Bowers took the lot, were almost entirely demolished at the time, so that but little tearing down will be required now. Mr. Cochrane, owner of the property, is said to be the gentleman who undertakes the erection of the new establishment, and the plans are represented to be of a superior character for comfort, elegance, and every other requisite. The theatre will be different from the other Philadelphia houses, and will possess advantages over those establishments which cannot fail to make it *the* theatre of the Quaker City. Such a first-class house has long been needed, for the Walnut, Arch-street, and Continental Theatres, are very inferior houses, not one of them belonging to the present age. And now, while a good theatre is to be erected, let an equally good company be selected to perform in it, with a capable stage manager to direct them. Let everything be of a first-class character, with fair but not high prices of admission, and we think Philadelphia will give the concern a liberal support.

Mrs. John Drew's Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, is to be opened on the 30th, with a goodly array of sterling attractions, which show that this estimable lady has not been idle in her endeavor to sustain the character of a "manager." Among the stars we are promised, in the following order, Miss Maggie Mitchell, Miss Bateman, Edwin Adams, J. W. Wallack, and Miss Richings. Among the new faces, in addition to the usual stock company, are Barton Hill, Albert Bradley, Mrs. Lawes, Miss Hill, and "a few more of the same sort," which have already made the Arch famous, and must draw now more than ever they drew previously.

Major George W. Gile, of McLean's 88th Reigment Pennsylvania Volunteers, (which has been acting as Provost Guard, at Alexandria, Va., for a long time), was the recipient of a splendid sword, of most elaborate workmanship, and valued at $800. The sword bears the following inscription:—"Presented to Major Geo. W. Gile, 88th Regt. Penna. Vols., by the officers of his command, and the merchants of the city of Alexandria, Va., as a testimontal of their esteem, as an officer and a gentleman. Alexandria, Va., April 11th, 1862." Major Gile was formerly connected with the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, and has received the highest encomiums from the War Department, for the manner in which he performed the duties attached to his commission, and the Union citizens of Alexandria have been loud in their praise of his strict attention and efficiency. It is rumored he will be appointed to the colonelcy of one of the new Pennsylvania Regiments.

Our gallant Seventh continue to tempt the civilians and ladies of Baltimore over to Fort Federal Hill. The performances on the 8th were the trial scene from "The Merchant of Venice," a musical and vocal interlude, and "Bombastes Furioso." The tasteful satisfaction created by the first two items, burst forth into roars of laughter at the "burlesque tragic opera" of the concluding piece. According to all accounts, the fun must have been pretty steep. Artaxominius was given by C. S. Van Norden; Fusbos, by W. T. Farnham; Bombastes, by J. H. Bird. As for The Army, of course that was great; the tallest man (Quillard, 6 ft. 3 in.,) and the shortest (Gregory, 5 ft. 4 in.,) representing that army of Bombastes, with such comic geniuses as Debenham, Hill, and Manuel, as their water bearers. Distaffina was the crowning character, by E. F. Roberts, with the aid of an immense expansion of crinoline. The drum corps then gave "the tattoo," and all went merrily, etc.

Manager Henderson will open his Pittsburgh Theatre on the 30th Aug., with the following talented company:—Mesdames Amy Frost, Lizzie Gillet, Anna Hyatt, Fanny Burt, Murray, M'lle Rosa, D. Myron, Ableman, A. Hardy, L. Hardy, Westman, and Cereta; with Messrs. G. D. Chaplin, J. Sefton, J. Mordaunt, Chippendale, D. Myron, H. B. Hudson, J. Rice, Stringer, M. Ward, J. Johnston, Ogden, Thornton, Morris, and Fleming.

Have we a star among us? There is an English performer, named Lyn Vern, now recruiting at Bel Air, Hartford Co., Md. The party alluded to made a first appearance at the Princess', London, on the 7th Sept., 1858, landed in this country on the 5th July, 1862, and expects to make a first appearance in America at New York on the 10th of next month. Look out for Lyn Vern.

Manager Draper intends opening the Academy of Music, Milwaukee, on the 25th.

J. Heneage Carter, with the Carter Sisters, sometimes called the Zouave Star Sisters, are doing well and extending their fame in Wisconsin.

Full houses and enthusiastic applause continue to greet Fox's Ravel Troupe, at the Boston Museum. What is the use of any dramatic season, Mr. Keach, s-a-y?

The Conways, R. R. Maginley, and other favorites, are still running the Falconer version of "Peep o' Day," and winning Canadian laurels at Toronto.

C. W. Couldock and Miss Couldock commenced at the Howard, Boston, on the 11th.

Adah Isaacs Menken is among the towns in Massachusetts, as per last week's issue, and remains under the management of E. W. Marston. We learn that Adah is to make a dash for California very soon.

People do say that Kate Partington has left the Dixiteits, and is now in Chicago.

There were two first appearances at the Howard, Boston, on the 8th. The first was Miss S. A. Hinckley, of that city, as Isabel, in "Take That Girl Away." Equivocal title, on such an occasion. The other was that of Mrs. J. F. Noyes, a Western lady, who had a more agreeable task as Gertrude, in "The Loan of a Lover." Both ladies were favorably received.

Miss Emily Thorne commenced her Buffalo engagement on the 11th.

MUSIC HALLS.

"Wattie Rusher" is our authority for the following deadly lively items:—Died, on the 5th of August, the Chestnut Street Lyceum, Philadelphia, of "congestion of the money purse." I am very sorry, Frank, to chronicle this decease; but the soul has been lingering on this "sublunary" sphere, longer than I expected it would. On the 5th inst., Dr. Rose, the *quasi* proprietor, left for parts unknown, and things generally went to wreck. Who will be the next man to take the "posish," I have not yet learned. Rumors are extant that Ed. Preble wants to try a hand, and that the Dobson Bros. are "peeling" for it. They however wish everything for the present kept dark, and you know I must say nothing "contraband of war." Five managers have had this place, and every one thus far has failed, not for want of patronage, but from sheer neglect "on the part of the overseers."...... At the Continental "things are lovely;" the beer question has returned to its former status, and—nobody hurt. The grand jury have not as yet found a true bill, although I saw one of their "bills" in the hall a few days ago. Bob Hart makes a capital stage manager, and has introduced a side splitting act, original —entitled "The Black Chemist;" it is rife with humor. Ernestine De Faiber left Philadelphia for New York on the 7th, as did Florence Rivers. Both these ladies have done well. Tony Pastor, Bob Hart, Charlie White, and Lew Simmons left for 444 on the 9th. Maggie Bowers left on the 9th. Mlle. Louise and Mr. J. L. Davis, from Albany, begin on the 11th. Harry Pell and Miss Annie Rush are engaged for next week. Prof. Nichols and Son will soon leave for Wilmington. Miss Jennie Forrest has gone to 444. I will let you into something in my next that will be an exceedingly agreeable disappointment to the amusement seekers of this city. Keep a look out. Until then, adieu!

"Seneca," writing from St. Louis on the 4th, says:—General show business here is good, considering the fearful hot weather ......At the Varieties, "The Red Gnome" and the "White Warrior" are the leading pieces for the present week, with a programme containing a grand *melange* of good things of various kinds......On the 1st Aug., Fanny Thompson had a bouncing benefit, and on the 8th Billy Reeve is up for a similar thing. You will see, from "signs of the times," that the season is drawing to a close; it is so, and on the 30th inst. the Varieties will close for one week, to be rejuvenated, and open with some new claimants for popular favor. Many of the old favorites will remain, for none better can be had. Celia Morley, Miss Pennoyer, Miss Thompson, Miss Walby, Ed. Berry, Miss O'Neil, Tom Cony, *et id omnes genera*, still grow in favor nightly......At the Bowery business is very good, and at the Melodeon it is fair......Zoological Garden flourishes, but we have a hiatus in the way of concerts, &c.

Manager Thomas Carr, being one of the irrepressibles, intends starting a music hall on an extensive scale in Buffalo. He has all the requisite permits from the authorities, etc., and it now remains to be seen whether he can make the putty stick between his "people" and the people at large. Thomas Carr knows how to conduct a car safely out or into the required depot, and has had much experience in "going on a train." The location is on that of his old stand at the Eagle Street Theatre, which was burned down while Lola Montez played there, in June, 1852, and again in Jan., 1861. This and the adjoining lot are now appropriated, and St. James's Hall is the name of the new edifice, to open on the 1st Sept. Our professionals will see Manager Carr's advertisement in another column.

The Metropolitan Varieties, Detroit, under L. M. Bayless, produced a new piece on the 4th, called "The Sons of Malta," and another called "Who's The Father?" The first is said to be by "a prominent member of the order," and the latter by Alfred Stewart. These pieces were on the bills for three nights, we believe.

The Varieties, at Toledo, Ohio, under Blake & Lascelles, had to part with Billy Quinn and Mary Blake on the 9th, as they then prepared to toddle from Toledo to lead the way to this city, arriving about the 13th. Something is "up" in Billy Quinn's observatory, and we should not wonder if he enlists under his old favorite manager, "Bob Butler," (as Billy irreverently calls Colonel R. W. Butler) at 444 Broadway, in this city. We shall see.

Corinthian Hall, Rochester, N. Y., is not only a local favorite with the surrounding inhabitants, but a desirable stopping place for companies or performers who may be on the move out that way. It remains, as for the past thirteen years, under the permanent lesseeship of W. A. Reynolds, one of the best representative men in that public spirited city, and we point with pleasure to his advertisement in another column. W. A. R.'s voice is still for peace, plenty, and prosperity, even if war must unavoidably exist.

Millie Fowler and Julia Mortimer are at Cape May, recruiting (not for the army of course, O! no!). Carrie Edgar has left the Chesnut Street Lyceum, and gone to Baltimore......The Dobson Bros. were in Baltimore on the 7th, for a short stay; on their way to St. Louis......Emma Gardner is among the "new hands" at the Philadelphia Continental....Mary Florence, Ed. Wray, and E. Murray are playing at the Metropolitan. Fanny Gilmore is there also. So says "Wattie Rusher," in Philadelphia.

The Melodeon, Baltimore, under the management and proprietorship of Albert Lea, is under a continual headway of success, whatever may become of Albert's experiment at the Baltimore Museum. John P. Smith's ben. at the former house, on the 1st, is said to have been the biggest bumper ever known at the Melodeon. Albert seems to be a very spirited manager, and he gets up attractive companies.

Canterbury Hall, Washington, D. C., seems bound to blaze in the right kind of glory. It has been successfully carried on since the 14th Oct., 1861, and George Percival & Co. seem to perceive the interest of their long purse in continuing to keep it ahead of any similar establishment. They also conduct Liberty Hall, Alexandria, Va.; and between these two "bases of operation," they carry on a successful war against dull times, blue devils, and postage-stamp delays. W. H. Harrison is stage manager. Among the company are Fanny Forrest, J. H. Budworth, Willie Emerson, Nelly Taylor, Willis Armstrong, Jennie Allen, J. S. Clarke, Mons. Sol, the Delavante Brothers, Ellen Colleen, Master Johnny, Denny Gallagher, Maggie Vernon, Lizzie Frances, M. Morris, etc. This is a pretty steep array of professional talent, and we understand that the spirited proprietors are looking out for "more." See their advertisement.

According to the exposures made by correspondents, and now confirmed by some of the Detroit newspapers, we are led to believe that a vocalist named Mary Walton and her business agent, although well paid at a respectable music hall, have been neglecting to observe the legal and moral difference between *meum* and *tuum*, and that they have left one hotel keeper, at least, in that hospitable city, a sadder if not a richer man than they found him, to say nothing of his larder. Sorry to say it. Vocal enough, but not harmonious.

The usually attractive company at Bayless' Metropolitan Varieties, Detroit, will be gracefully recruited in a few days, by the arrival of Miss Lizzie Schultze, the graceful danseuse, and her sister Matilda.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

The Nightingale Minstrels were at Keokuk, Iowa, on the 30th and 31st July, and met with enthusiastic success. The end men are Ferd. Smith and Jerry O'Leary.

The Duprez & Green Minstrels wound up their season with a couple of blazing hot days in Providence, R. I., and thought they might as well keep shady for a few weeks. They performed there on the 1st and 2d, and now adjourn until the 15th of next month. Charles H. Duprez, J. E. Green, and Gustave Bideaux, were to study the shores of Naragansett Bay for a few days. C. H. D. then goes to his "mountain home" at Hooksett, N. H., and J. E. G. goes to Lowell, Mass., while G. B. and the other boys all scatter themselves promiscuously in search of recuperative sports and pleasures. People who can "take an evening" whenever they please may not know what a luxury it is to popular performers who "carn't get eout."

Reynold's & Pierce's Campbell Minstrels are on the move again this week. They leave Erie, Pa., shortly after the arrival of J. H. Reynolds, who left New York on the 9th, to rejoin them. They next visit Westfield, Dunkirk, and Buffalo. The ladies will all want to see J. H. Reynolds, the now (confirmed) Benedict.

If ever the Boston folks gave as well as took good "scripter measure," it must have been last week, upon the return of their old friends, Morris Brothers, Pell & Trowbridge's Minstrels. The only long-faced people about were those who could not get in. Mr. Fredericks is quite an acquisition, even to that well-selected troupe, and we understand that the biz. done is tip top.

CIRCUSES.

A right trusty and well beloved correspondent, writing from Columbus, O., on the 9th, says:—Van Amburgh & Co's Menagerie is in this State (Ohio) now, and will take all the principal towns. It exhibits at Columbus, Aug. 18th; Kirkersville, 19th; Newark, 20th; Dresden, 21st; Coshocton, 22d; Newcomerstown, 23d; New Philadelphia, 25th. Their business has been very large until within a week or two, but harvests and the war excitement have had their effect of late in reducing the receipts. Still business is very fair. Ohio is full of shows just now, Dan Rice, Bailey & Co., and Van Amburgh & Co. all had their bills up at Moorfield, where the latter showed on the 7th. Thayer, Noyes & Co. are in the same vicinity—they showed at Bucyrus on the 5th. All seem to be breaking to get out of the State with the exception of Van Amburgh. There has been five or six circuses in the State already, and it is showed out. Van Amburgh & Co., having no circus, but a regular old fashioned menagerie, such as has not been through here for years, may do better. Dan Rice shows in Columbus 14th and 15th inst.

Lent, with his Hippozoonomadon Asleolympimantheum and Hippopotamus, spread out in Brantford, C. W., on Tuesday, 5th August; 2,800 tickets were sold for the afternoon exhibition, and a little over that number for the evening, being a greater number than the previous circuses drew both together. To see the Hippopotamus was worth the price of admission.

Old Carey's Circus was at Keokuk, Iowa, on the 4th. O. M. Miller is the clown, and the tour in Iowa seems likely to flourish.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A new series of pictorial illustrations of the Southern Rebellion is now open at the Tremont Temple, Boston. It is called Stanley & Conant's Polemorama.

More "cutting" work for the lawyers, and more sensation puffs that cost nothing. Mr. James A. Cutting, formerly of the Aquarial Garden, Boston, has leased the former Post Office Building in Summer street there, and intends opening it, in about a month, as "The Boston Aquarial and Zoological Gardens." As P. T. Barnum now uses the title of "Barnum's Aquarial Garden" for the former place, some "cutting" paragraphs may be duly expected. We understand that Manager Cutting intends to have a regular stage and dramatic company, so we can but wish him good luck.

Our hopes are mainly with the young, and Brooklyn is one of the places where we find our hopes well justified. At a recent exhibition of The School of the Assumption, under the charge of the Rev. Wm. Keegan, pastor of the Church of the Assumption, the pupils gave proofs of musical and dramatic powers which must shame the fashionable inanity of the Academy of Music worshipers. All the spasmodic jerks of fashionable patronage never can induce the right appreciation of such matters among American families; but our school girls, properly instructed and guided, will foster the muses for a renewed life on this continent. The female department of the school now mentioned has John Buckley for musical director, with Miss Mary Gallagher at the piano. Miss Agnes O'Neill is the principal, with Miss Annie Reynolds as vice-principal. We cannot say that "two-thirds of the clergy" were present, but several of the most illustrious of the Catholic clergy attended. About 150 young ladies sung "The Flag of the Free." Then came the English version of "Cinderella," with the following cast:—Cinderella, Mary A. Shiel; Clorinda, Eliza Mooney; Thisbe, Mary Winter; Fairy Queen, Annie Kampman; Prince, Eliza Reynolds; Pedro, Sarah Geary; Baron, Ellen Dougherty; Alidoro, Catharine Gordon; and such a lot of fairies as Gabrielle Waldron, Mary J. Yates, Ellen Cardin, Mary Shearan, Margaret Aickey, Kate Burns, Annie Burns, Katie McGuire, Margaret Gosha, Henrietta McBride, Kate Hanagan, Margaret Jordan, Annie Quinn, Kate Leckey, Margaret Maher, Margaret Hogan. After some songs and dances, next came the drama of "Fabiola," thus cast:—Fabiola, Sarah Geary; Agnes, Annie Kampman; Afra, Graia, Syra (slaves), Ellen O'Brien, Eliza Mooney, Mary A. Shiel; Prefect of Rome, Mary Vinter; Fulvius, Eliza Reynolds; Catalus, Ellen Sullivan; Corverius, Ellen Dougherty; with such guards, nuns, etc., as Misses Margaret O. McGahn, Anna M. Manning, Margaret Doolan, Mary J. Yates, Ellen Cardin, Ellen Early, Mary Hicks, Letitia Fitzgerald, Catharine A. Duffy, Alice Bothwick, Margaret Kearnan, Katie Cox, Delia Needham, Mary Matthews, Agnes Cummings, Margaret A. Skelly, Annie O'Neill, Lizzie Campbell, Annie Kampman, Margaret McDermott, Mary Maxwell, Alice Rielly, Annie McCann, Annie Burns, Margaret Hickey, Sarah Heran, Mary Ryan, Margaret Maher, Mary A. Mooney, Josephine Goodhues, Katie Flanigan, Catharine Burns, Ellen McClusky, Eliza Mooney, Annie Jordan, Annie Curran, Henrietta McGuire, Mary A. Sheeran, Maria Kampman, Katie McGuinnis and Margaret Campbell. After more singing and dancing, next came "The Lady of the Bedchamber," cast as follows:—Bridget (the lady of the bedchamber), Sarah Geary; Mary, Mary A. Shiel; Kate, Eliza Reynolds; Aunt Martha, Mary Winter; Sally, Catharine Jordan; Tommy, Eliza Mooney; and this was completely satisfactory. A friend who was present, assures us that Miss Geary's Bridget reminded him of poor Sloane's while at Wallack's, and that Miss Mooney's Tommy was another reminder of the great merit of Mary Gannon's. At the conclusion of the farce, Miss Mooney sung John Mahon's song of "A Soldier Is My Beau," in the style of Fanny Herring at the old Bowery. But, this is not all; for, when an *encore* was insisted upon, she changed her entire manner, and gave (in pure Tuscan dialect) the Brindisi, or, as Borrani would say, "the brandy song," so well known among opera goers. The most unalloyed satisfaction was expressed by the entire audience. Well, well, what *is* Brooklyn coming to? Verily, there are glorious influences at work which our snobs know not of.

Kelly's Dramatic Troupe have been well received at St. Catharine's, Canada West, and seem likely to stay "until further advised,' as they have a fair company, among whom are Mr. and Mrs. Simcoe Lee, Messrs. Harry Gossin, Young, Wolfe, etc.

Chas. B. Reynolds and party, including Little Lola, seem to prosper with their Varieties exhibition, and were last noticed at Dunnville, Canada West. Of course, Anne E. Dillingham remains with the company.

Emerson & Frayne's Parlor Entertainment Company are now on the move in Ohio. They left Cincinnati on the 4th, and played at Hamilton on the 4th and 5th, next looking in at Middletown, Morights, Xenia, Columbus, Circleville, Lancaster, Evansville, Newark, Cleveland, etc., whence they return in time to open at the National, Cincinnati. They have W. T. Melville, stage manager; Mrs. do., walking lady; Mrs. Hogan, Topsys and chambermaids; E. A. Emerson, juveniles; J. Martin, leading olds; Mrs. Watt Powell, utility; W. F. Reed, walking gents; E. A. Martin, heavies; Virginia Melville, danseuse; Alice Hogan, do.; La Belle de Ifford, elderlies; Miss Loads, utility; W. H. Griffin, champion medley dancer, etc. Thus they go, with "life on the O-hi-o." Griffin can dance without "coming to grief."

During the benefit of Charlie Dobson in Philadelphia, on the 4th, the following jig dancers contested for a silver goblet:—John Bogan, Charles Cannon, and Master Tommy (Bob Hart's pupil). The dress of Bogan was very much against him; when will performers learn that judges look at the general contour as well as at the "shoe movement?" Charlie Cannon, who much resembles Chris. Spike, dressed neatly, with short breeches, and loose white linen shirt, with a fancy neck-tie. Master Tommy was also "arrayed" in neat linen and unmentionables. Bogan made no breaks, but exhibited no style whatever in dancing, acting as though it were a foregone conclusion that he would be the winner. Master Tommy made a sad break, which was sympathetically applauded by the audience. In justice to Tommy, we may say that the miss-step was not his fault, but that of the boy who attempted to clear the stage, and left a great pile of sand, near one of the flies (or flys). Charlie Cannon made one break; but showed a superior style of dancing, minus a great deal of practice. If Cannon would "ply his pins" more, he would be an ornament to the profession. The latter was the winner of the cup.

The Dobson Brothers gave a banjo concert at the Chestnut Street Lyceum, Philadelphia, on the 4th. The house was crowded, showing the popularity of "the brothers" in that city. Charley played the following, it being his only appearance there: The Sheppard Quickstep (in a minor key); the Anvil Chorus; and the Carnival of Venice. The names of the pieces need only be mentioned, to attest the superiority of playing.

By the steamer which arrived here on the 4th, we have advices from California to the 11th. "Bay View," writing at San Francisco, says:—The American was re-opened last week by W. H. Leighton and his company, which has been travelling through the country. The business has been bad, and the theatre closes on Saturday night, and Mr. Leighton tries the country again. A Miss Davis (or Donna La Senorita Maria) has made her first appearance, with some success, at this theatre, as a danseuse. She dances some Spanish dances quite prettily, but fails to come up to the laudatory notices which have been put forth......The Hanlons have returned from the country after a successful tour. A few more farewell entertainments at the Metropolitan Theatre, and they will depart for New York......The Metropolitan has been closed since July 2d; the last opera performed was Lucretia Borgia. During the past season of two months, there have been twenty-eight opera nights, and nine operas. Miss Parker has continued to sing with increased success, and may now fairly take rank as a full fledged *prima donna*. A new season of opera commences on Wednesday, July 16th, under the management of Sig. Bianchi, he having secured a lease of the Metropolitan for six months. The company comprises Signora Bianchi and Miss Parker, *prima donnas*; Sig. Bianchi and Herr Schaubstadter, tenors; Mr. John Gregg and Mr. S. W. Leach, baritones; Sig. Enrico Grosi and Sig. Roncovien, bassos; Mad. Schwergerlie and Mad. Klebbs, contraltos. Orchestra of twenty-four, R. Herald conductor; Chorus of twenty-two. Rigoletto is the first opera, with Madame Bianchi as Gilda, Sig. Bianchi, the Duke; Ernani the second, with Miss Parker as Elvira, and Sig. Bianchi as Ernani. ......Theatricals are reported in a flourishing condition at Washoe. Chas. Pope and company are there, also McKean Buchanan and daughter......Maguire's Opera House—business good. It is rumored that this place is shortly to be closed, and re-decorated, and opened with a first-class dramatic company, the principals of which are to come from the Eastern States. Mr. Maguire will hold the ribbons, and the Old Opera will shine forth in pristine brightness......Business is dull at the Melodeons, of which there is a legion here, and will not probably revive until the rainy season sets in, and the usual influx of miners from the mountains.

The Washington Variety Troupe gave one of their amusing entertainments at Harlem, on the 4th inst., consisting of "Parlor Scenes," "Recitations," "Singing," "Dancing," "Ventriloquism," etc. Miss Louisa Hawthorne delivered an ode on "Washington," which fairly electrified her hearers. Miss Kate Anderson and Louise Breckenridge sang very prettily, and were loudly encored. "The Star Brothers," Messrs T. Wallace and E. Stevens Keene, in their Scenes from Shakespeare, were all that could be desired. Messrs. Geo. Anderson, Blake Anderson, John M'Kay, Tom Hughes, and Drury, delighted their auditors in numerous glees, etc. Messrs. Geo. Gordon, Wm. C. Miller, H. J. Conroy, and Owens, are deserving of credit. Professor T. C. Wittenburg, the ventriloquist, gave some very good imitations, as also did J. Chanfrau, jr., assisted by Miss Sallie Burnett.

An Indian Troupe billed Brantford, C. W., for an exhibition to take place on the 31st July, followed by two more on the 1st and 2d August. Arriving at the Kerby House at 11 A. M., they took dinner, immediately after which some misunderstanding arose between the manager of the troupe (H. Corvey) and Mr. Kerby. The former decided not to show, and proceeded to pack up to leave, when Mr. Kerby pounced on the baggage; and, for want of funds, the company could not release it, and consequently smashed up, Mr. Corvey leaving for New York, where he was at one time a wood engraver. A quarrel after dinner is always a bad sign.

Bordwell & Leslie's Parlor Troupe were at Corning, N. Y., on the 8th and 9th, and seem to be more and more in request among the towns of the western part of this State, as the time draws near for the company to make its trip to California. They have Madame Anna Bordwell, prima donna; Harry Leslie, tight-rope performer; Warren Bordwell, negro comedian; Arthur Napoleon, the pianist, etc. The singing dog, Dick, is one of the vocal wonders. Mark Smith is the biz. agent, mark that. A remarkable party, take it altogether.

Hambujer has been trying to "kill that boy" at the Railroad Park, Milwaukee, but the people there don't look upon it as an artistic trick. They consider it a trick of another kind.

More big words and incompatible phrases. The latest touch is "equestric histrione." We are not ashamed to confess that we can neither tell nor guess any meaning for this—whatever it may be.

W-h-o-r-t? Commodore Nutt and Gen. Tom Thumb "come together" this week in Boston. They are to have a rowing match on the Central Tank, put on the gloves for a set-to, etc. My! Brother Barnum has much to answer for.

AMATEUR.

"The Boothenian Dramatic Association of Philadelphia, gave a public exhibition of their powers at the Melodeon on the 6th, and I am sorry to say that it was a failure. A failure not in point of numbers, for they had a good house, but in point of ability. The pieces performed were "Douglas," and "Rough Diamond." In the former piece the only passable character was that of Lady Randolph (Mrs. H. Ryner). Mr. W. B. Hart, as Glenalvon, instead of making the audience feel the weight of his cares and sorrows, kept them in a roar of laughter at his awkwardness. Miss A. H. Vache had a severe fit of stage fright, and was apparently much embarrassed at the sight of so large an audience. Mr. S. Vincent seemed to wish the audience to know that he had a throat, for one hand was continually grasping it, as though he was about to take measures to shuffle off this mortal coil. I noticed in the audience many of the theatrical profession, and they showed much sympathy for the amateurs; but there was but one expressed opinion, and that was, that the Boothenians should study with unceasing vigor to maintain the reputation they once enjoyed." Thus sayeth "Wattie Rusher."

Forrest D. A., St. Louis.—This association gave a performance at Wyman's Hall, St. Louis, on the 28th July, commencing with "The Maniac Lover," cast as follows:—Michael Erle, J. S. Overton; Philip D'Arville, W. W. Kay; Stephen Giraud, R. L. Hackett; David Gilliflower, C. Hawtin; Miles Melville, R. Morris; Andrew Adze, J. K. Burden; Dame Stapleton, Mrs. Stewart; Mary Woodward, Miss Nellie Watson; Julia Spring, Miss Grosvenor. Next came "The Irish Tiger," with the following cast:—Paddy Ryan, C. Hawtin; Sir Charles Lavender, J. S. Overton; Alderman Marrowfat, R. Morris; Mr. Bilberry, J. K. Burden; John, W. W. Kay; Miss Marrowfat, Mrs. Stewart; Nancy, Miss Nellie Watson. The whole affair appears to have been very successful.

The Nonpareil Club was organized one year previous to July 19th, 1862, and has given several performances with great credit to the members, especially to the worthy President, Mr. H. Rolph, who has proved himself to be a pains-taking amateur, always doing his utmost to please his audience. Mr. Rolph has volunteered his services in defence of this glorious, "Union," and may he win laurels on the battle-field as he has done at the old Bandbox in Houston! We wish him a safe return to "old New-York," the city of amateurs. We should also say a few words about the worthy Vice, Mr. J. Proctor, who has gone hand in hand with Mr. Rolph. Now, there are two Richards in the field; therefore, this club, owing to their great loss, will suspend performing until September.

The J. R. Scott Dramatic Club will give their next entertainment on Thursday evening, August 14th, at the Stadt Theatre, No. 39 Bowery. The programme selected consists of "Damon and Pythias" and "The Miser of Shoreditch."

FOREIGN DRAMATIC AND SHOW NEWS.

The Royal Music Hall, Birmingham, is now licensed for theatrical representations.

John Henry Cooke, having concluded a very successful engagement in London for Charles Hengler, has now left for Madrid to join Tom Price's Circus Company. J. H. C. takes his favorite ring horse, Selim, with him.

F. W. Bridgman, after a retirement of three years, will soon resume his amusing and musical entertainments.

Charley Keith, having nearly concluded his fourth engagement, of eighteen months each, with Ciniselli's Grand Italian Cirque in Spain, is about returning to England, and giving his attention westwards.

William Stanton Moulton, formerly well known among theatrical circles, died in Guy's Hospital, London, on the 18th July.

The Fancy Fair for the Royal Dramatic College was a complete success. Mrs. Howard Paul's stall was enriched with contributions from seventy private friends residing in ten of the English counties. Among the unmarried ladies, Miss Lydia Thompson seemed to attract the most attention.

Dion Boucicault continues having good times at Drury Lane with "The Colleen Bawn." As Myles-na-Coppaleen his popularity is even increased. The friends of Miss Sara Stevens will be glad to learn that she is rapidly becoming a great favorite in London, and is evidently popular as Elly O'Connor. As Madame Celeste is the Mrs. Cregan at that house, both Sara Stevens and Jessie McLean (the Ann Chute) may be considered in good luck.

"Two shows a day." This is now the standing order in both Tom Sayers's and Howes & Cushing's Circus parties. The former is among the Welch towns. The latter is doing up the Lancashire districts. While recently performing at Manchester, Heenan had a set-to with Bill Ryall, of Birmingham, and another with a big 'un called the Lancashire Giant.

As we expected, Messrs. Steinway & Sons, of this city, have obtained a medal of the highest class for grand and upright pianos at the recent International Exhibition in London. Just so; and so just.

Billiards in California.—Since the veteran Phelan's sojourn in California, no little interest has been manifested in reference to the game, and discussion on the respective merits of the several prominent players there, in the amateur as well as professional ranks, has been of frequent occurrence in the places where lovers of billiards most do congregate. Mr. Phelan's prowess has been the theme of admiration, and the way he has polished off many of their leading players has been "a caution to the marines." On the afternoon of June 27th he had a cue-rious set-to with Mr. A. W. Jamison, in a game of 500 points, which he won in a canter, the figures at the close being 502 vs 172, Mr. Phelan making runs of 125 and 93; Mr. Jamison's highest being 19. It was claimed by the friends of the latter that he was sick; to which the California *Spirit of the Times* remarks that, "with all due courtesy to that clever young man, we must be allowed to express our belief that Mr. Phelan will make a good many billiard players sick before he quits playing the fascinating game."

On the evening of the same day, a large number of persons assembled to witness the encounter, of the same number of points, between Messrs. Phelan and Daniel Lynch, which, in less than an hour, the former added to his long list of victories by running out, while his opponent stood at 351—149 points behind. The score of these two games are here appended:—

JAMISON VS. PHELAN.

Jamison. Shot.	Count.	Total.	Phelan. Count.	Total.	Jamison. Shot.	Count.	Total.	Phelan. Count.	Total.
1	0	0	24	24	17	0	90	2	163
2	10	10	13	37	18	13	103	0	163
3	19	29	16	53	19	8	111	0	163
4	3	32	9	62	20	3	114	93	256
5	4	36	8	70	21	0	114	3	259
6	4	40	14	84	22	0	114	23	282
7	5	45	25	109	23	15	129	12	294
8	8	53	28	137	24	2	131	15	309
9	3	56	10	147	25	8	139	0	309
10	2	58	0	147	26	9	148	125	434
11	0	58	2	149	27	6	154	12	446
12	6	64	2	151	28	6	160	30	476
13	17	81	0	151	29	0	160	1	477
14	7	88	0	151	30	12	172	13	490
15	2	90	6	157	31	0	172	12	502
16	0	90	4	161					

PHELAN VS. LYNCH.

Phelan. Shot.	Count.	Total.	Lynch. Count.	Total.	Phelan. Shot.	Count.	Total.	Lynch. Count.	Total.
1	7	7	10	10	17	16	180	4	260
2	4	11	0	10	18	11	191	2	262
3	5	16	5	15	19	5	196	38	300
4	0	16	22	37	20	2	198	7	307
5	10	26	6	43	21	5	203	6	313
6	12	38	29	72	22	8	211	2	315
7	14	52	35	107	23	12	223	0	315
8	0	52	9	116	24	2	225	90	405
9	0	52	6	122	25	61	286	28	433
10	53	105	6	128	26	12	298	8	441
11	1	106	0	128	27	3	301	10	451
12	2	108	59	187	28	3	304	6	456
13	7	115	14	201	29	3	307	7	463
14	15	130	15	216	30	16	323	25	488
15	14	144	30	246	31	28	351	12	500
16	20	164	10	256					

Quoiting at Port Elgin.—On Thursday, July 31, a match at quoits was played at Port Elgin, C.W., between four players of Port Elgin and four of Southampton. The distance played was 21 yds. The following is the result of the game:—

SOUTHAMPTON.		PORT ELGIN.	
R. C. Furey	21	J. Wild	[illegible]
Geo. Pringle	21	J. Smith	14
D. Campbell	14	S. Roether	[illegible]
J. Conway	21	F. Stafford	4
Total	77	Total	[illegible]

The above score shows that Southampton won by 23 shots. Upon the whole, the playing was superior on both sides. The greatest anxiety was manifested by the inhabitants of the two villages when the playing became close; and when the playing was over, the competitors and their friends returned to the well-known and established inn kept by Mr. Stafford, where they partook of an excellent dinner; and afterwards separated with the understanding that a return match will be played at Southampton during the summer.

Cocking in Canada.—Montreal vs. Quebec.—We learn from Quebec, that on Monday, July 14th, a main of ten battles was fought in the St. Louis Suburbs, Quebec. The spelter slid freely, Quebec taking the heap. The battles throughout were pretty good game, with but one exception, the last, upon which the Montrealers thought to replenish their empty shot bags, and the talking was so tall that some of the Quebec boys felt rather shy; however, the Montreal bird turned tail on the third dash, and Quebec made the pit ring with cock-a-doodle-doo. At the final close, Quebec had won seven battles, leaving three to their opponents. Good and orderly management was kept throughout, and all passed off as it should. The pit is not quite so popular in Quebec as it was some few years ago; then, of a Sunday, in the suburbs, every second habitan you would meet, had a cock under his arm.

Foot Race at Woodstock, C. W.—A foot race of 100 yards came off there on Friday, 1st inst., between Geo. Young and John Pascoe, for $50, which was won by Pascoe, after a very close race, by 18 inches. There were quite a number of the sports on the ground, but not much betting, the odds being 2 and 3 to 1 on Pascoe, but no takers, although Mr. Young felt quite confident of winning.

Swimming Match.—A swimming match took place on the Potomac river, on the 4th inst., between the members of Co. D, 71st Reg't. The distance swam was 500 yards, against the current, and very good time was made, considering the strong tide running. Twenty-five entered, but only about 8 or 10 came in, the rest backing out at different stages of the race. The first in was Capt. D. C. Meschutt, closely followed by Sergeant Umpbelly, Private Buchanan, Corporal Bogart, Bedell, and Fitzmaurice. After the race, the company was put through their facings, and made some very good fronts in the watery drill ground. The captain intends continuing the swimming drills, and hopes to make his men so perfect that they can cross streams without the aid of bridges.

Talking on Walking.—A rival to Private Smith, of the P.C.O. Rifle Brigade, Hamilton, C. W., has turned up in London, C. W. It having been announced that Mr. Smith was to perform a feat of fourteen miles in two hours in that city, Private Jennion, of the 63d Regiment, signified his willingness to walk fifteen miles in the same time. As Mr. Smith is said to have already challenged any man in America to walk with him, we suppose there will be no difficulty in making a match between him and Mr. Jennion. What do the London boys say?

Quoiting at Toronto, C. W.—An interesting game of quoits for $20 a side was played on the 25th July, in front of Samuel Higgins' hotel, at the foot of York street, between William Somerville and J. Lee, of Georgetown. A considerable crowd of people witnessed the game. Somerville kept the lead from the beginning, and won the stakes by 18 shots, making 61 to Lee's 43.

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THE NEW BALLAD OF LORD LOVELL.

Lord Lovell, he sat in St. Charles' Hotel,
In St. Charles' Hotel sat he,
As nice a case of a rebel swell
As ever you'd wish to see—see—see,
As ever you'd wish to see.

Lord Lovell the town had vowed to defend,
A-waiving his sword on high,
He swore that his last ounce of powder he'd spend,
And in the last ditch he'd die.

He swore by the black, he swore by the blue,
He swore by the stars and bars,
That never he'd fly from a Yankee crew
While he was a son of Mars.

He had fifty thousand gallant men,
Fifty thousand men had he,
Who had all sworn with him that they'd never surrender
To any tarnation Yankee.

He had forts that no Yankee slave could take,
He had iron clad boats a score,
And batteries all around the Lake
And along the river shore.

For Farragut came with a mighty fleet,
With a mighty fleet came he,
And Lord Lovell instanter began to retreat
Before the first boat he could see.

His fifty thousand gallant men
Dwindled down to thousands six;
They heard a distant cannon and then
Commenced a cutting their sticks.

"Oh tarry, Lord Lovell!" Sir Farragut cried,
"Oh tarry, Lord Lovell!" said he;
"I rather think not," Lord Lovell replied,
"For I'm in a great hurry."

"I like the drinks at St. Charles' Hotel,
"But I never could bear strong Porter,
Especially when it's served in the ball,
Or mixed in an iron mortar."

"I reckon you're right," Sir Farragut said,
"I reckon you're right," said he;
"Sir, if my Porter should fly to your head,
A terrible smash there'd be."

Oh! a wonder it was to see them run,
A wonderful thing to see,
And the Yankee's sailed up without shooting a gun,
And captured their great cities.

Lord Lovell kept running all day and all night,
Lord Lovell a-running kept he,
For he swore he couldn't abide the sight,
Of the gun of a live Yankee.

When Lord Lovell's life was brought to a close,
By a sharp-shooting Yankee gunner,
From his head there sprouted a red, red nose,
From his feet—a Scarlet Runner.

A FRIGHTFUL FEAT.

AN EAST INDIA JUGGLER AND HIS CHILD.

An English officer, writing during the year 1846, thus vividly describes a terrible feat and the effect its seeming reality had upon the spectators:—

"It was a hot, sultry, airless afternoon, when it seemed as if one were walled in by a blazing fire; one of those days which are found nowhere else save in India. The intense heat had silenced everything else except a parrot, who was glibly chattering a mixture of broken English and oriental, to the delight of some newly arrived recruits. A group of us were lying under the palms in front of quarters, canvassing the prospects of a furlough and return to England, when our attention was attracted by the tinkling of a bell, and the next minute a native juggler came into the square leading a little girl some five or six years old, of very prepossessing appearance. The juggler's costume was picturesque in the extreme. His loins were enveloped in cotton cloth falling gracefully behind, and over this a robe of blue muslin. His turban was of scarlet silk, wrapped in graceful and heavy folds, and decorated in front with mysterious Brahmin symbols. His sandals, contrary to the custom of those from the northern provinces, were of leather, from the anklets of which hung little silver bells, which emitted a musical tinkling as he walked. Ruby drops hung form his ears. His bare arms were encircled with heavy bandages of gold; massive broad rings gleamed upon his fingers and toes. Upon his filagreed zone were written various mystic characters from the Chaldaic and Arabic. The child was a sweet little creature of light figure and as graceful as a fawn, but from her light complexion, evidently was no kin to the swarthy juggler.

He approached us and after a profound salaam suggested his desire to perform a feat. A generous contribution indicated an assent he was not slow to appreciate. Before commencing he desired the officer of the day to furnish him a guard to protect him from the crowd already gathering, as the feat he was about to perform was a very hazardous one. The guard was readily granted, and stood round in a circle. The only articles he used were a basket procured from the quarters and a sword borrowed from an officer. He then spoke a few words to the child in an unknown tongue, pressed her to himself affectionately as if taking a final leave of her, and seating her upon the ground, placed the basket over her. He then stepped back and casting his eyes toward heaven remained apparently in prayer. Suddedly his whole manner changed. His eyes seemed to flash fire. His whole frame quivered. Flakes of foam oozed from between his set teeth. Great beads of sweat stood upon his forehead. Drawing the sword from the scabbard, he sprung forward with a tiger like leap, and with the rapidity of lightning, before any one was aware of his purpose, he plunged the keen blade through the basket. A cry of horror pierced through the air, and seemed to freeze every heart. Again he plunged the sword into the basket and withdrew it reeking with blood, which coursed along the blade and ran down his arm in a ghastly stream. Again that terrible cry pierced the air, this time more horrible than before, seemingly from a person in the death agony. It was well the juggler had taken the precaution to provide a guard, for at sight of the blood the spectators became frenzied and wildly pressed forward. The guard with fixed bayonets kept them at bay, or they would have torn the juggler and seeming murderer to pieces upon the spot. I can hardly describe my own feelings. The terrible cries, the struggle beneath the basket, the apparently insane juggler, the sword and arms of the man bathed in blood, and the sanguinary tide flowing already from beneath the basket, seemed to me the surroundings of a most atrocious butchery. There were no holes, no caverns in the earth, and the guard were surrounding the juggler. How had the child escaped? I sat like one stupefied. I could not convince myself that it was a delusion, "Mine eyes were made the fools o' the other senses." I was accustomed to East Indian feats of magic, and had witnessed Chinese jugglery of the most mysterious character, but never before such a scene as this."

In the meantime, the juggler, murmuring a sort of weird minor chant sounding like a wail over the dead, continued to thrust his sword through the basket. The cries which had been so terrible were none the less fearful, but grew lower. The child was evidently, with the loss of blood, fast losing strength. Lower and lower they grew, until they changed into a rapid moaning. Fainter, less frequent and more indistinct the moans and fewer the sword strokes. The juggler stepped up to the basket, plunged the sword in once more with both hands clinched to the hilt, and leaned forward upon it with his whole weight, his ear close to the basket. We listened intenly. A faint sigh like one gasping for breath, a slightly perceptible motion of the basket, and all was still. The juggler withdrew his sword and broke out into a Hindoo song of jubilation, dancing rapidly round the basket. At its close he removed the basket, and we eagerly sprung forward, officers, guards, populace and all, expecting to see the mutilated corpse of the little girl. Judge our surprise to behold nothing there. The basket was pierced through and through, but no child. The ground was not even wet. Where could she have disappeared to? The ground was firm and solid. There was no opportunity for traps or hidden springs. She could not have emerged from the basket without being seen. We looked anxiously to the juggler for an explanation, who stood among the crowd coolly wiping his sword. He returned the weapon, stamped upon the ground and clapped his hands thrice, when lo! the little girl sprang from the rear of the crowd, and came in bounding and laughing, as if from play, shaking her curls gleefully and kissing the hand of the juggler, who petted her in a most affectionate manner. Another contribution of annas was made up for the child, and the mysterious couple left the square, leaving us in a maze of bewilderment, and furnishing us with abundant subject for discussion during many humdrum days of barracks life."

Terrible Sports.—The days of chivalry were iron days. When a prince like Edward the First would go to a far-distant and hostile country on a perilous crusade, his gentle Eleanor must needs accompany him. When he would fight a battle, as at Falkirk, he slept all the previous night, with his shield for his pillow, on a Scottish moor. The very sports of those days were terrible. Sir Patrick Graham, a Scottish knight, turning to him, courteously asked him to run with him three courses. Next morning, in the first course, Graham struck the English knight through the harness with a mortal wound, so that he died on the spot. Such were the fierce pastimes of those days. And, naturally enough, men did not think of the mutilation of a human body, in or after death, with those feelings of horror with which we regard it. Robert Bruce, when dying, ordered his heart to be taken out of his body, and carried to the Holy Land. If ever a husband loved a wife, surely Edward loved his Eleanor. Yet his directions after her death were to place her bowels in Lincoln Minster, her heart in the church of the Blackfriars, London, and the rest of her body in Westminster Abbey. After the battle of Evesham, the bloody head of Earl Simon was deemed a fitting present to be sent to the house of a noble lady.

What invitation would be dangerous and disloyal to a soldier? One asking him to dinner and desert.

ARTEMAS WARD'S COURTSHIP.

There was many affectin ties which made me hanker arter Betsy Jane. Her father's farm jined ourn; their cows and ourn squencht their thirst at the same spring; our old mars both had stars forreds; the measles broke in both famerlies at nearly the same period; our parients (Betsy's and mine) alept regularly every Sunday in the same meetin' house, and the nabors used to observe, "How thick the Wards and Peaseleys air!" It was a sublime sight, in the spring of the year, to see our several mothers (Betsy's and mine) with their gowns pin'd up so that they couldn't sile 'em, affecshunitely biling sope together & aboosin the nabors.

Altho I hankered intensely arter the objeck of my affeckshuns, I darsent tell her of the fires that was rajin in my manly Buzzum. I'd try to do it, but my tung would kerwallop up agin the roof of my mowth & stick thar, like death to a deceast Afrikan or a country postmaster to his offiss, while my hart wanged agin my ribs like a old-fashioned wheat Flale agin a barn floor.

'Twas a carm still nite in Joon. All nater was husht, and nary zeffr disturbed the sereen silens. I sot with Betsy Jane on the fense of her father's paster. We'd bin rompin threw the woods, kulling flours and drivin the Woodchuck from his Nativ Lair (so to speak) with long sticks. Well we sot there on the fents, a swingin our feet two and fro, blushin as red as the Baldinsville school house when it was fust painted and lookin very simple, I make no doubt. My left arm was okerpied in ballusin myself on the fense, while my rite wus woundid luvinly round her waste.

I cleered my throat and tremblinly sed—

"Betsy, you're a Gazelle."

I thought that air was putty fine. I waited to see what effect it would hev on her. It evidently didn't fetch her, for she was up and sed—

"You're a sheep!"

Sez I—

"Betsy, I think very muchly of you."

"I don't believe a word you say—so there now oum!" with which observashun she hitched away from me.

"I wish that thar was winders to my Soul!" sed I, "so that you could see some feelins. There's fire enuff in here," sed I, strikin my buzzum with my fist, "to bile all the corn beef and turnips in the naberhood. Versoovius and the Critter ain't a circumstance."

She bowed her hed down and commenst chawin the strings of her sun bonnet.

"Ar, could you know the sleepless nites I worry threw with on your account, how vittles has seized to be attractiv to me, & how my lims has shrunk up, you wouldn't dowt me. Gase on this wastin form and these ere sunken cheeks—"

I should have continued on in this strane probly for sum time, but unfortunitly I lost my ballunse and fell over into the paster kersmash, tearin my close and severly damagin myself ginerally.

Betsy Jane sprung to my assistance in double quick time and dragged me 4th. Then drawin herself up to her full hite, she sed—

"I won't listen to your noncents no longer. Jes rite strate out what your drivin at. If you mean getin hitched, *I'm in.*"

I considered that air enuff for all practicul purpusses, and we proceeded immejitly to the parson's, and was made one that very nite.

The Fighting Turk.—During the operations of the allies in the Crimea, it was resolved to carry the water in from a beautiful spring of the finest kind, to the camp. Leathern pipes, or hose, were employed, which were laid on the ground. One morning while the water was being supplied, the minaret sounded to prayer, and one of the Turkish soldiers immediately went flop on his knees to praise Allah! Unfortunately, he went down right upon the hose, and his weight consequently stopped the current of that "first of elements," as Pindar, Esq., calls water, in his first Olympiad."

"Get up," cried an English soldier. "*Voulez vous avez la bonte, mon cher Monsieur le Turque,*" cried a Frenchman, with his native politeness, "to get up."

"That ain't the way to make a Turk move," cried another; "this is the dodge." So saying, he knocked his turban off.

Still the pious Mussulman went on with his devotions.

"I'll make him stir his stumps," said an Englishman, giving him a remarkably smart kick. To the wonder of all, still the unturbaned, well-kicked follower of the Prophet, went praying on as tho ugh he was a forty-horse parson.

"Hoot away, mon—I'll show ye how we serve obstinate folk, a auld Reekee," quietly observed a Scotchman. He was, however, prevented, for the Turk, having finished his "*Allah-wis en Allah,*" rose and began to take off his coat and roll up his sleeves—and then to bedew his palms with saliva, and then put himself in the most approved boxing attitude, *a la* Yankee Shillivan.

He then advanced in true Tom Hyer style to the Englishman who had kicked him on the lumbar region.

"A ring! a ring!" shouted the soldiers and sailors, perfectly astonished to see a Turk such an adept in the fistic art.

The Englishman, nothing loth to have a bit of fun with a Turk of such a truly John Bull state of mind, set to work, but found he had met his master; in five minutes he had received his *quantum suff.* As the Turk coolly replaced his coat and turban, he turned round and said to the admiring bystanders, in the pure brogue,

"Bad luck to ye, ye spalpeens, when ye're afther kicking a Turk. I'd advise ye the next time to jist be sure he's not an Irishman!"

The mystery was solved—our Turk was a Tipperary man!

Set to Between Blind Men.—A few days since, a poor blind man, having on his hat a placard stating his infirmity, and carrying a box with confectionery, stood on the corner of Broadway and Rector street. At the same time another blind man, with the words "I am blind" on his hat, was coming down the street in another direction. A little case containing cakes and confectionary hung suspended from his neck. Suddenly a cry of distress arrested the passers-by, and turning, they beheld the two blind men on the ground, struggling in a mixture of candies, cakes, and bonbons. To add to the confusion, the two men, exasperated at the disaster, were hurling at each other epithets more forcible than polite, and had it not been for the interference of some gentlemen, they would have come to blows. "You blockhead," said one, "why didn't you look out for your feet?" "And you, why didn't you get out of my way?" "How could I, when I am blind?" "You blind?—so am I." In short, this explanation was followed by a good understanding between both parties, and the good understanding by a touching recognition. "What is your name?" asked one. "Ottis Bush—and yours?" "Theobald Hervey." "Theobald!" "Ottis!" "My dear comrade!" "My old friend!" And the two companions in misfortune warmly embraced each other. Their story is short. The men were natives of Ireland—had come together to America—and were companions in arms in Mexico. One had lost his sight by a wound, and the other by an explosion in a mine. They had been separated for a long while, and after the lapse of years, met in the singular manner above related.

Nine Follies.—To think that the more a man eats the fatter and stronger he will become.

To believe that the more hours children study at school, the faster they learn.

To imagine that every hour taken from sleep is an hour gained.

To act on the presumption that the smallest room in the house is large enough to sleep in.

To argue that whatever remedy causes one to feel immediately better, is "good for" the system, without regard to more ulterior effects.

To commit an act which is felt in itself to be prejudicial, hoping that somehow or other it may be done in your case with impunity.

To advise another to take a remedy which you have not tried yourself, or without making special inquiry whether all the conditions are alike.

To eat without an appetite, or continues to eat after it has been satisfied, merely to gratify the taste.

To eat a hearty supper for the pleasure experienced during the brief time it is passing down the throat, at the expense of a whole night of disturbed sleep, and a weary waking in the morning.

Dancing their Rags off.—Two unsophisticated country lasses visited Niblo's in New York during the ballet season. When the short-skirted, gossamer clad nymphs made their appearance on the stage they became restless and fidgety.

"Oh, Annie!" exclaimed one *sotto voce.*

"Well, Mary?"

"It ain't nice—I don't like it."

"Hush."

"I don't care, it ain't nice, and I wonder aunt brought us to such a place."

"Hush, Mary, the folks will laugh at you."

After one or two flings and a pirouette, the blushing Mary said:

"Oh, Annie, let's go—it ain't nice, and I don't feel comfortable."

"Do hush, Mary," replied the sister, whose own face was scarlet, though it wore an air of determination: "it's the first time I ever was at a theatre, and I suppose it will be the last, *so I am just going to stay it out, if they dance every rag off their backs!*"

A "Nip" on the Sly.—Deacon Johnson is a great temperance man, and sets a good example of total abstinence as far as he is seen. Not long ago he employed a carpenter to make some alterations in his parlor, and in repairing the corner near the fireplace it was found necessary to remove the wainscoating, when lo! a discovery was made that astonished everybody. A brace of decanters, a tumbler and a pitcher, were cosily reposing there as if they had stood there from the beginning. The Deacon was summoned, and as he beheld the blushing bottles, he exclaimed: "Well, I declare, that is curious, sure enough. It must be that old Bains left them when he went out of this 'ere house, thirty years ago." "Perhaps he did," returned the carpenter, "but, Deacon, the ice in the pitcher must have been friz mighty hard to stay all this time."

Anecdote of the Elephant.—A soldier in India was in the habit of giving to an elephant, whenever he received his pay, a certain quantity of arrack. Once, being intoxicated, this soldier committed some excesses, for which, being pursued by the guard, he took refuge under the body of the elephant, when he laid himself down quietly, and fell asleep. In vain the guard attempted to seize upon him, and draw him from his place of refuge; for the grateful elephant defended him with his trunk. When the soldier awoke the next morning from his drunken slumber, he was very much alarmed at finding himself under the belly of such an enormous animal; but the elephant caressed him with his trunk, so as to quiet his apprehensions, and gave him to understand that he might go his way in safety.

THINK OF THAT, NOW.

An old soldier, now in camp, sends us the following little squib, giving sundry reasons why our young men should enlist:—Not been to the war! Nor going? Now, Bob, just think of the consequences. No one will look at you; but few will respect you; and nine out of ten will suspect that you are a coward, fit only for a grog shop muss or to beat a woman. Just imagine what your situation will be when this war is over—the grief and mortification that will meet you at every change of scene. You will be put into the shade by any fellow that has been to the war. No matter how superior you may be in other respects, people will look only at the man who has been in a real battle. The man who has been to the war will get the first drink, and will receive the choice cuts at dinner, and you will have to hush up at any time as soon as he begins to speak. You will be cast off the rope on going to a fire, to make room for a man that has been to the war. Think, too, on going to a delightful breakdown, with Jammy Masheye for a fiddler, and Nancy Blubber at the tamborine. What will your skill and science at dancing avail you if there should be a man there who had been to the war? Why, no one would notice you; scarcely any would accept a treat at your hands; and then, suppose you should have formed a kind of liking for Nancy, and in ofttimes drinking her good health should have become tight, and slip and fall, why Nancy would take no more notice of you than she would of a Chinaman; she would leave you to the police. But if you had been to the war, how different. Then, she would see you carefully taken up and conveyed home; have you put comfortably to bed, and make you feel as cheerful and fresh as a man can feel. Think of that, now, before it is too late.

Old Soldier in Camp.

Not Generally Known.—Martin Van Buren was the only man who held the offices of President, Vice President, Minister to England, Governor of his own State, and member of both Houses of Congress.

Thomas H. Benton was the only man who held a seat in the United States Senate for thirty consecutive years.

The only instance of father and son in the United States Senate at the same time, is that of Hon. Henry Dodge, Senator from Wisconsin, and his son, Augustus C. Dodge, Senator from Iowa.

General James Shields is the only man who ever represented two States in the United States Senate. At one time he was Senator from Illinois, and subsequently Senator from Minnesota.

John Quincy Adams held position under the Government during every Administration, from that of Washington to that of Polk, during which he died. He had been Minister to England, member of both Houses of Congress, Secretary of State, and President of the United States. He died while a member of the House of Representatives.

The only instance where three brothers occupied seats in the lower House at the same time, was when Elihu B. Washburne represented the First District of Illinois, Israel Washburne, Jr., the Third District of Maine, and Cadwalader Washburne, the Third District of Wisconsin.

Swimming.—It is as necessary that a boy should learn to swim as that he should be vaccinated; for thousands of boys and men are more frequently in peril of drowning than of the small-pox. And yet, even in our maritime cities, one-fourth, probably, of the male population, are ignorant of the easily acquired art of sustaining themselves in the water. The teaching of this art ought to be embraced in all systems of physical education. It would, at any rate, promote the cleanliness, and therefore the health of the rising generation.

Camp Meeting.—A correspondent writes—"Were you ever at a Darkey Camp Meeting? Well, they 'holler' some. One old darkey of my acquaintance was reproved one day by his master for shouting so at his 'private devotions.'" Pompey, with a very grave face, said, "I guess Massa don't read de Scripters wid much 'tention." "Ah! how's that?" said the master. "Why," said Pomp, with a knowing look, "don't de Scripter say, '*Hollered* be thy name?" The master gave in and Pompey had his *hollerin'* unmolested.

A Clown's Joke.—Ducrow was once teaching a boy to go through a difficult act of horsemanship in the character of a page, and the boy being timid, his master applied the whip to him unmercifully. Joseph Grimaldi was standing by, and looked very serious, considering his vocation. "You see," remarked Ducrow to Joey, "that it is quite necessary to make *an impression* on these young fellows." "Very likely," answered Grimaldi, "but it can hardly be necessary to make the *whacks so* hard."

Bluffed Off.—One of our soldiers who was in the Pittsburgh Landing battle, happened to be inordinately fond of card playing. During the fight he had three of his fingers shot off. Holding up his mangled member, he gazed at it with ineffable sorrow, and exclaimed, as a big tear stole into the corner of his eye—"I shall never be able to hold *a full hand* again!"

Cricket at Dorchester, Mass.—On Saturday, 2d inst., the return match between the Atlantic and Dorchester cricket clubs, both of Dorchester, was played on the grounds of the latter. After a stout contest, in which both parties exhibited considerable skill, the Atlantics were for the second time victorious, by a majority of twenty-two runs.

Kill or Cure.—A jolly doctor said that people who were prompt in their payments always recovered in their sickness, as they were good customers, and physicians could not afford to lose them. A good hint and a sensible doctor.

A Menagerie.—A showman exhibiting a picture, said, "Ladies and gentlemen, there is Daniel in the den of lions. These are the lions and that is Daniel, whom you will easily distinguish from the lions by his having a blue cotton umbrella under his arm."

Legal Eloquence.—A Western Lawyer perorated thus: "May it please the Court, I smell a rat; I hear its deceitful music brewing in the gale, and by the help of justice I'll nip it in the bud."

Couldn't Play.—Horne Tooke being asked by George III, whether he played at cards, replied, "No, your Majesty, the fact is, I cannot tell a king from a knave."

Actors.—Most tragic actors, however anxious to make a sensation, would rather see the tiers full of eyes than the eyes full of tears.

Small Families.—Malthus writes us, in great concern of mind, to know what is meant by the sign which he sees in various parts of the city: "Families supplied by the quart."

Had him there.—A comedian on being asked why he played the fool, replied, "For the same reason that you do—out of want. You do it for the want of wit, and I do it for the want of money."

Chance.—What can be more foolish than to think that all this rare fabric of heaven and earth could come by chance, when all the skill of art is not able to make an oyster?

Difficult Things.—Nothing is more easy than to do mischief; nothing is more difficult than to suffer without complaining.

A precocious youth being asked in his geography class what they raised in South Carolina, replied; "They used to raise niggers and cotton, but now they are raising the devil."

When our cup runs over, we let others drink the drops that fall, but not a drop from within the rim; and we complacently call this charity.

Grief knits two hearts in closer bonds than joy ever can, and common sufferings are far stronger than common joys.

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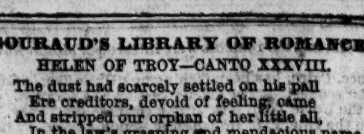

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